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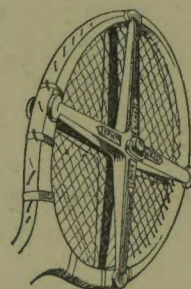
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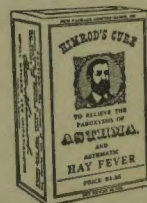
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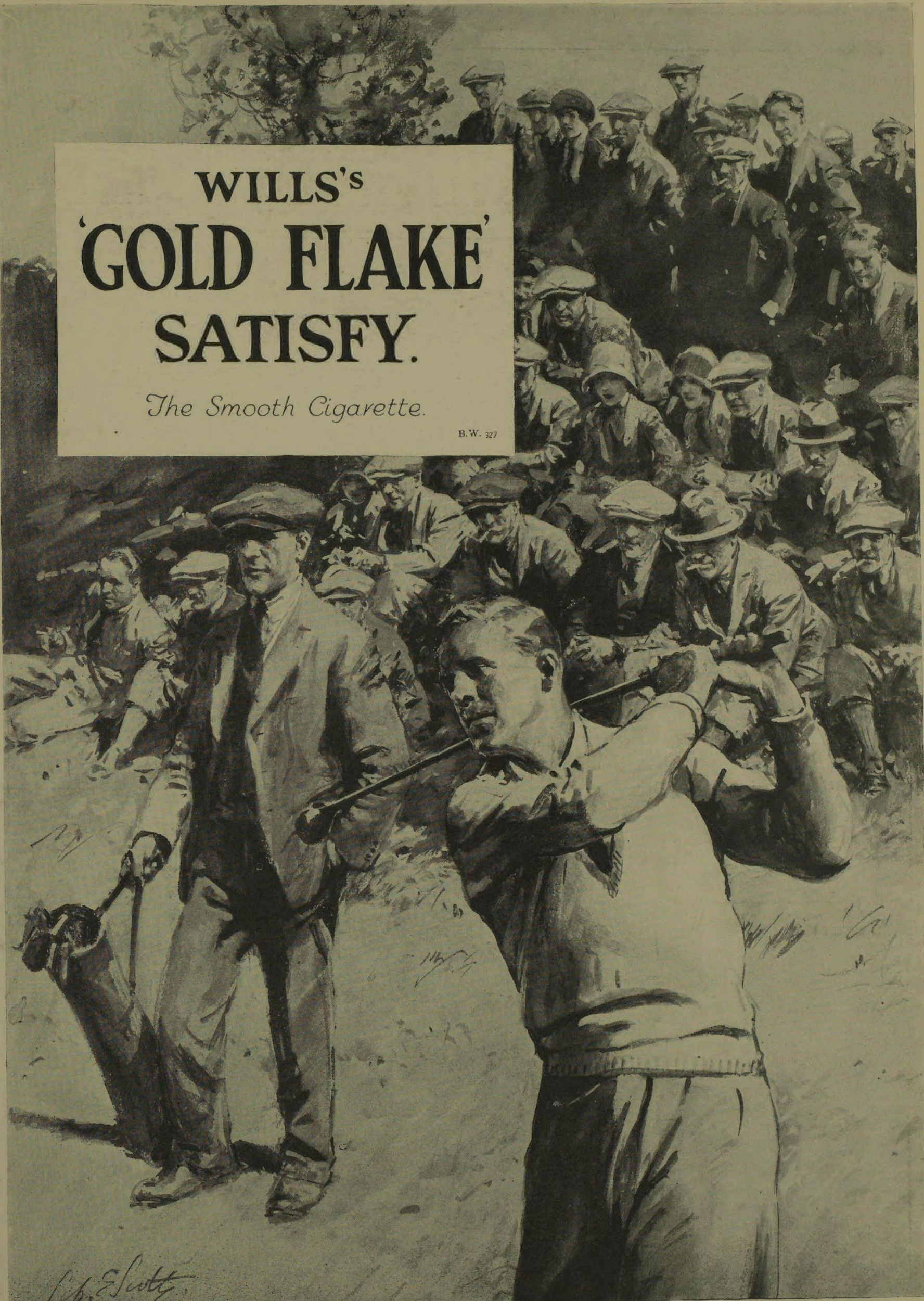
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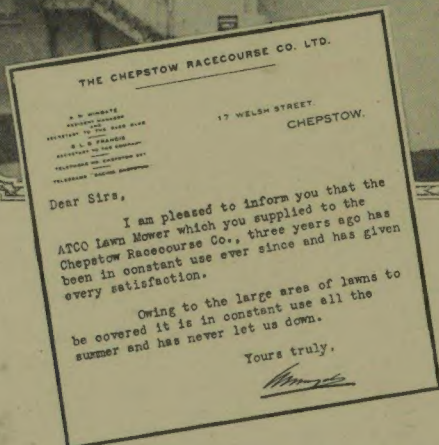
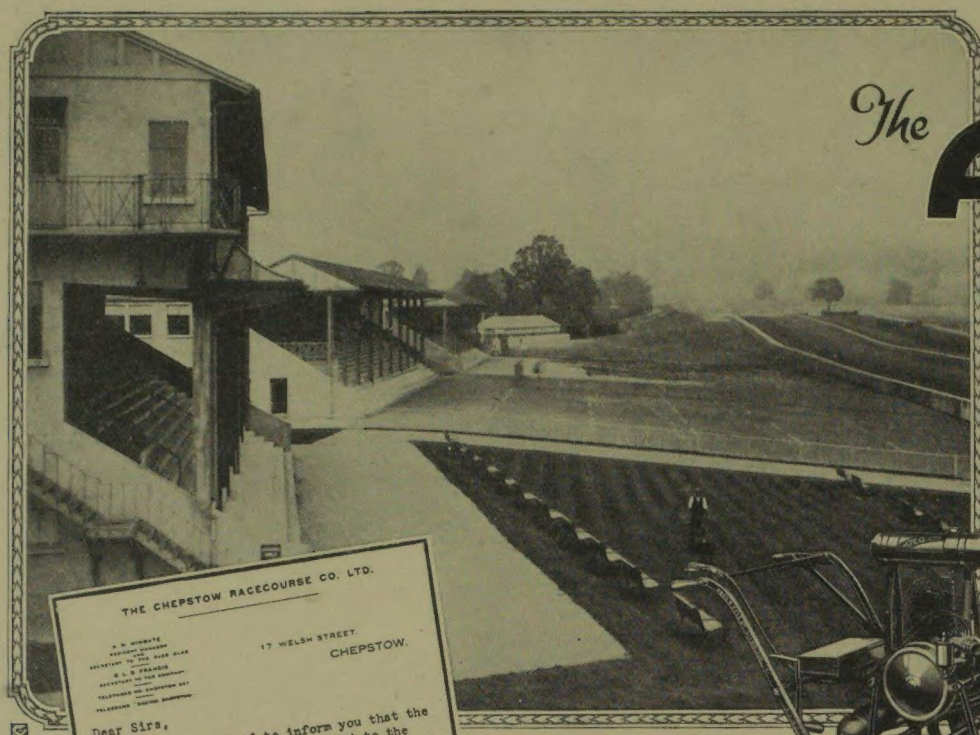
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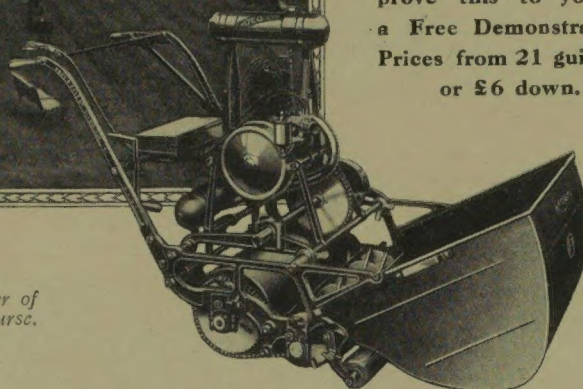


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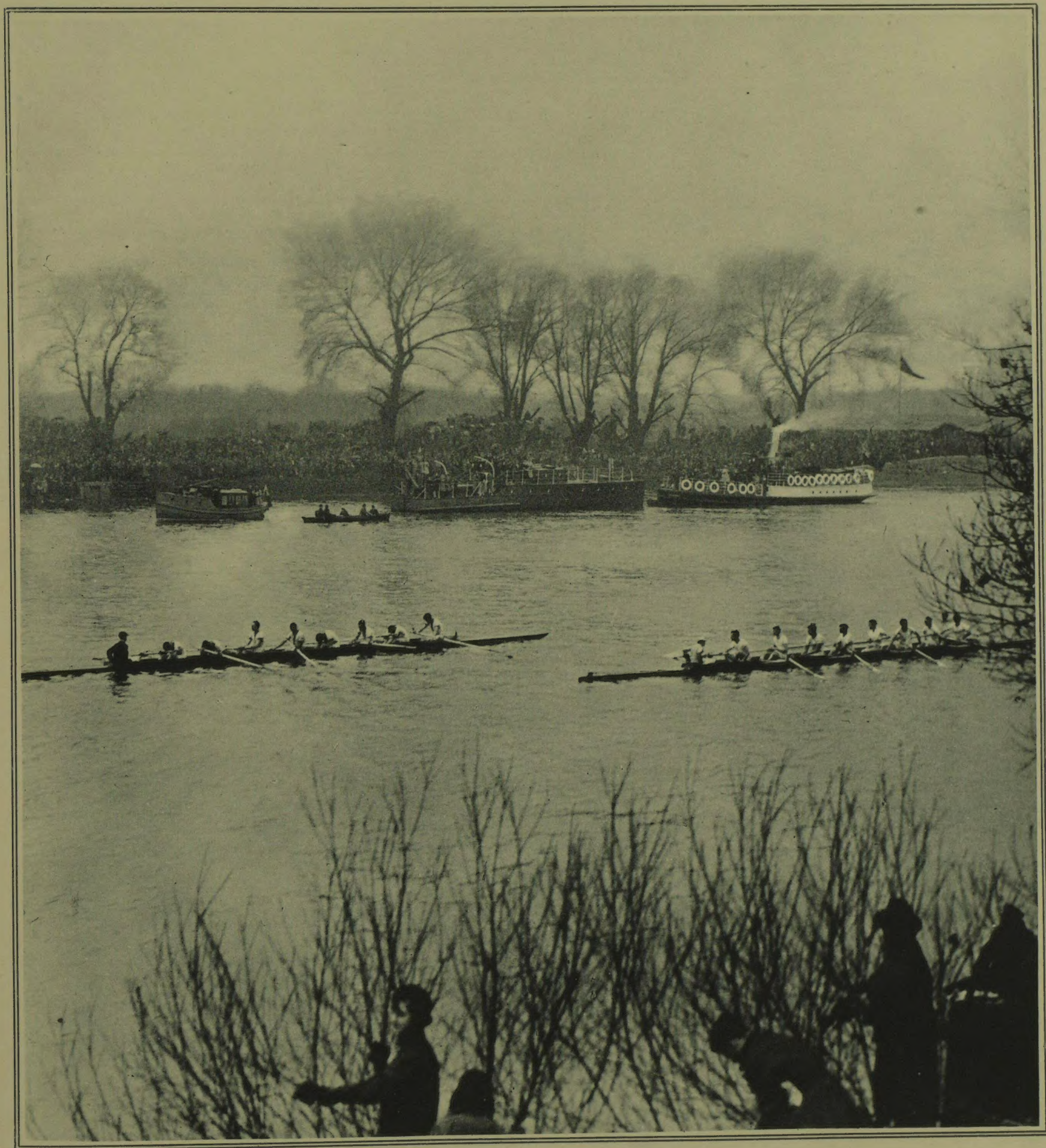
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1930.

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THE FINEST UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE SEEN FOR MANY YEARS: THE CREWS IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FINISH—CAMBRIDGE, THE WINNERS, LOOKING FRESH, AND OXFORD "ROWED-OUT" WITH THEIR GREAT EFFORT.

Cambridge won the eighty-second Boat-Race, on April 12, by two lengths, and thus took the lead in the series for the first time since 1864, having now won forty-one races to Oxford's forty. In 1877 there was a dead-heat. Not since 1923—the last year in which Oxford won (by three-quarters of a length)—has there been such a close finish. Excepting that year, Cambridge has won every race rowed since (and including) 1914. This year's was their seventh consecutive

victory and their tenth since the war. It was by no means a "walk-over," however, for Oxford had been leading slightly, or level, most of the way, and everyone admired their magnificent effort. The time (19 min. 9 sec.) was exceptionally fast. Only four times before has it been beaten. The length of the course, from Putney to Mortlake, is four miles, one furlong, 180 yards. Other incidents of the race are illustrated on a later page of this number.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AS it seems to be generally understood that nine-thousand-nine-hundred-and-fifty-seven novels, twelve-thousand-five-hundred-and-eighty-three plays, and several million reminiscences in prose, verse, and free verse, are shortly to appear on the virgin and untouched topic of the Great War, it will perhaps be well to be prepared with some general principles for the criticism of the problem, as well as for the criticism of the particular solutions of it. Should any books or plays appear during the next few years on any other topic except that of the Great War, such daring departures and exceptional experiments will of themselves be sufficiently conspicuous. But we need something like a general rule of reading to correct the general tendency of writing; and I will venture to offer some suggestions for it here.

When the old popular complaint was made against the Novel with a Purpose, it was almost always based on the idea that the purpose would hurt the novel. It was not sufficiently realised that the novel can also hurt the purpose. When jolly old playgoers protested against the Problem Play, it was always on the ground that the play was spoiled by the problem. It was not enough emphasised that the problem can be spoiled by the play. There is a very good case for those who really are concerned about purposes and problems, and who find that they are very falsely and crookedly presented in dramas and stories. There is always a moral idea of some sort inhering in any great play or romance, because man is a moral being in his inmost and not merely in his external existence. But a play or a story is often an exceedingly bad way of presenting any practical moral problem that requires a practical solution. The writer either exhibits a sham fight of dialogue, taking care that the Whig dogs shall not have the best of it; or else he is almost forced to leave the moral of his story much more obscure and doubtful than a clear call to public duty or social justice ought to be. If we have really come to hold a strong moral conviction, we want to shout it much more loudly than is artistic in any work of art. Since the world has discarded Rhetoric as something false, it has lost the only natural expression of anything that is true. We want more of the orator, and even more of the demagogue; but not the demagogue masked and muffled by the disguise of a dramatist.

I would suggest, therefore, that, when hundreds of suggestions and half-suggestions are thus made to us on the subject of war, peace, and patriotism, we should keep certain maxims in mind as a corrective to mere suggestion: which, by itself, is as undignified as mesmerism. In these things we want to have reasons that can be stated as reasons, and not as catchwords or phrases or fragments of dialogue. We want to beware of certain fallacies that could not be maintained in argument but can easily be implied in art. Here are a few of these fallacies,

which do not cease to be fallacies because they become fashions.

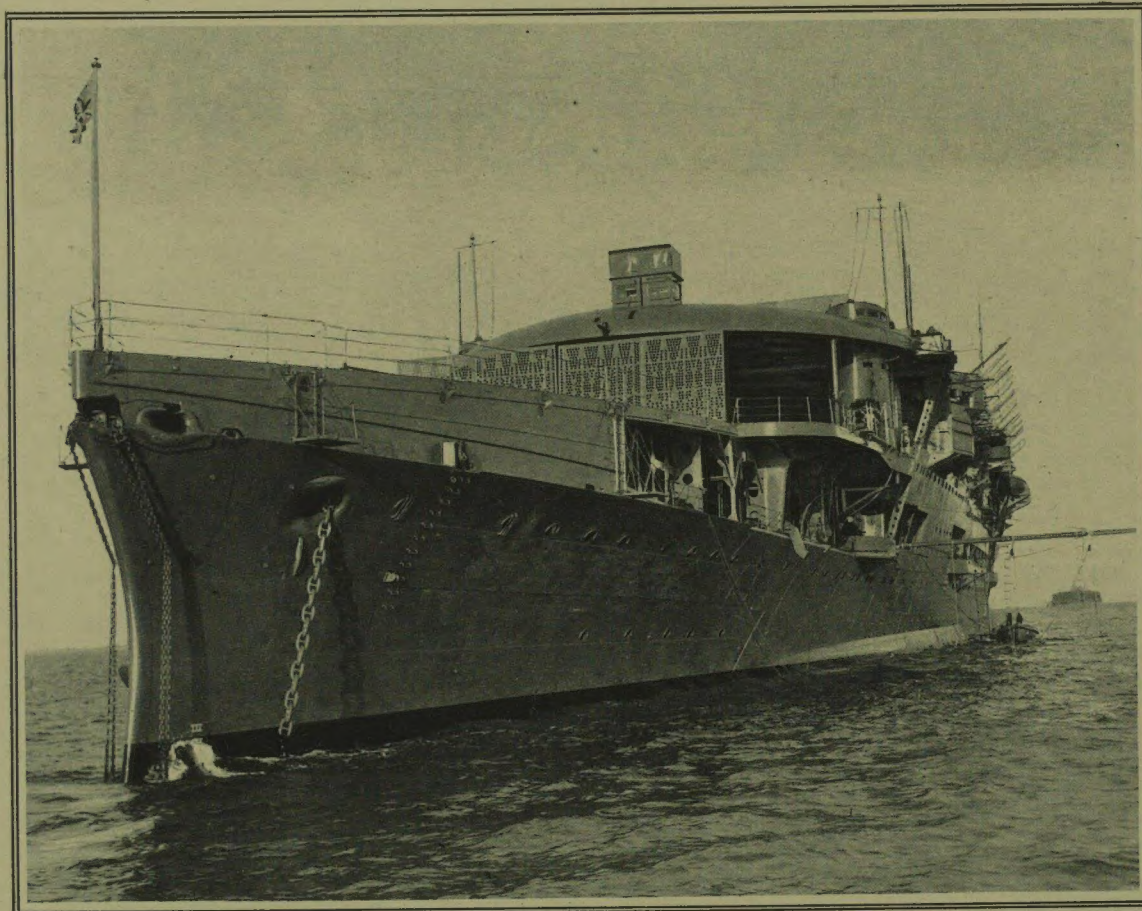
First, if we really desire peace or any other good thing, let us make a pious resolution that we will not talk nonsense. In other words, let us agree that we will not use newspaper mottoes like "War Is Unthinkable." Slogans of that sort are invented because they are nonsense. A man gets up and says that war is unthinkable at the very moment when everybody is thinking about war, and because everybody is thinking about war. They are, as we have already noted, writing, preaching, scribbling, and screaming about war, and almost about nothing else. Let us say that war is unbearable, or that war is unjustifiable, or that war is invariably indefensible, if we think so. But to say that it is unthinkable is to say that we refuse to think.

entered the hospital on the latter. But that does not prove by itself that nobody has a noble vocation of nursing; nor does it prove by itself that nobody has a noble vocation of soldiering. Whether war attains its object, whether it is a legitimate object, whether war is a legitimate means—all those are different questions, lying beyond this particular question. But if armed conflict can be as useful or necessary as amputation, it is no answer to say that it is as ugly as amputation.

Third, I would respectfully remind most of those who have written, are writing, and will resolutely and unceasingly continue to write novels and plays about the War and the Armistice and Ten Years After, that they should try to encourage a real friendship with foreigners. And a friendship with foreigners does not mean a friendship with Germans. It means a friendship with Germans and with everybody else, including those who are extremely likely to quarrel with Germans. I would suggest to them, what they seem to have entirely forgotten, that if they describe the reaction towards Peace as if it were solely and entirely a reaction towards Prussians, they will not be encouraging Peace but very definitely encouraging War. They will be doing, in a much more dangerous form, exactly what they themselves denounced the Government for doing when it tied us up in a one-sided alliance; with the addition (as I should say) of our being tied to the wrong side instead of the right. But the point is that, whatever their romantic suggestions of reconciliation may favour, they do not favour the cause of Peace. The same sort of man who could only fight by writing sentimental lies against all Germans is now writing sentimental fiction in favour of all Germans. But he is not writing it in favour of Peace. The only chance of peace in the world lies in the possibility of our understanding the other side also. And so long as it is the fashion of the moment to talk as if all Italians were bullies, all Frenchmen braggarts, all Poles futile lunatics,

and the rest, it is perhaps something of a stretch of language to say that we are making friends with foreigners. In fact, we are not making friends at all. We are doing something much more terrible and ominous. We are making Allies.

Lastly, let us remember as a general principle that opinions should be stated as opinions and convictions as convictions. We must not be impatient because these statements are called abstract. Whereas some charming romance about mud and blood and disembowelled horses is in comparison beautifully concrete. We are not savages, to express ourselves only in picture-writing. We are civilised men, acquainted with mathematics and metaphysics, and presumably capable of thinking in terms of thought. Certainly, if we ever lose that power, it will be a worse relapse into barbarism than the worst war in the world.



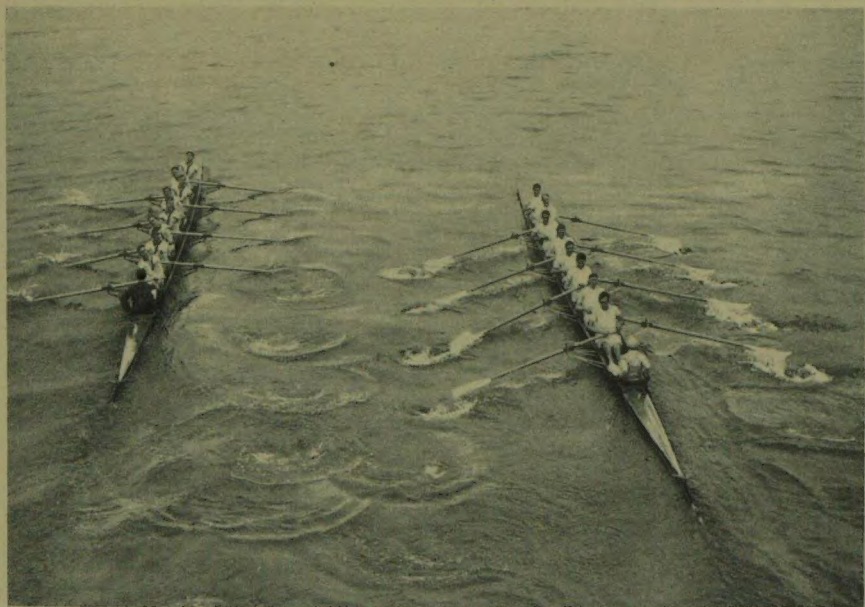
A BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "FURIOUS"—SHOWING THE UPPER FLIGHT-DECK, WITH A CHART-HOUSE WHICH CAN BE SUNK TO DECK-LEVEL; AND THE LOWER FLIGHT-DECK, WITH WIND-BREAKING PALISADES.

As is noted under our double-page of photographs on pages 672-673, certain British aircraft-carriers are fitted with chart-houses that can be sunk to deck-level, in order that the flight-deck may be unobstructed when aeroplanes are taking-off or landing, and are also equipped with wind-breaking palisades which can be raised above the flight-deck to protect deck-loads of aeroplanes.

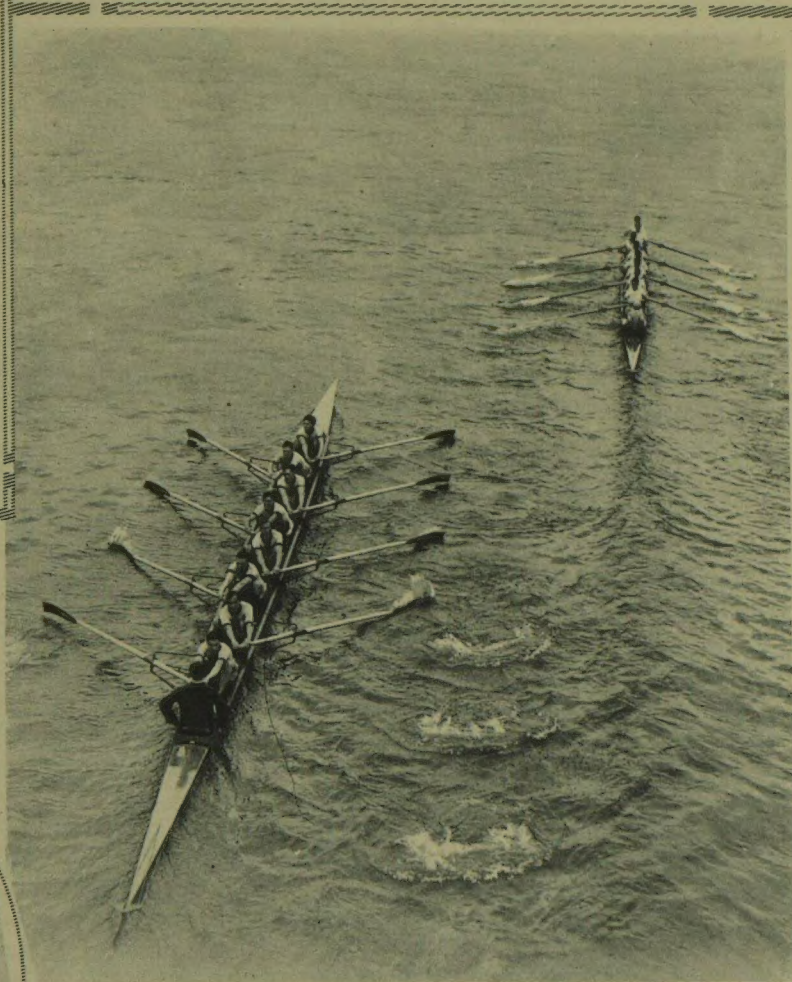
(See pages 672-673.)

Second, do not let us be satisfied solely with the sort of argument that can be made very vivid, not to say horrid, in fiction: the sort of argument that says, "If only you knew what war is really like!" If we were logically limited to that argument, it would be easy to apply it to all sorts of things. You could make large numbers of refined maiden aunts living in Bath and Cheltenham feel very ill with a realistic novel having the motto, "If you only knew what surgery is like!" You could send shudders all over Upper and Lower Tooting with a detailed and documentary novel headed "If You Only Knew What Scavenging Is Like!" If there are any people silly enough to suppose that all wounds on the battlefield are elegant and picturesque, they may be capable of supposing that all wounds in a hospital are elegant and picturesque. There may have been soldiers who mistakenly entered the army on the former assumption; there have probably been nurses who mistakenly

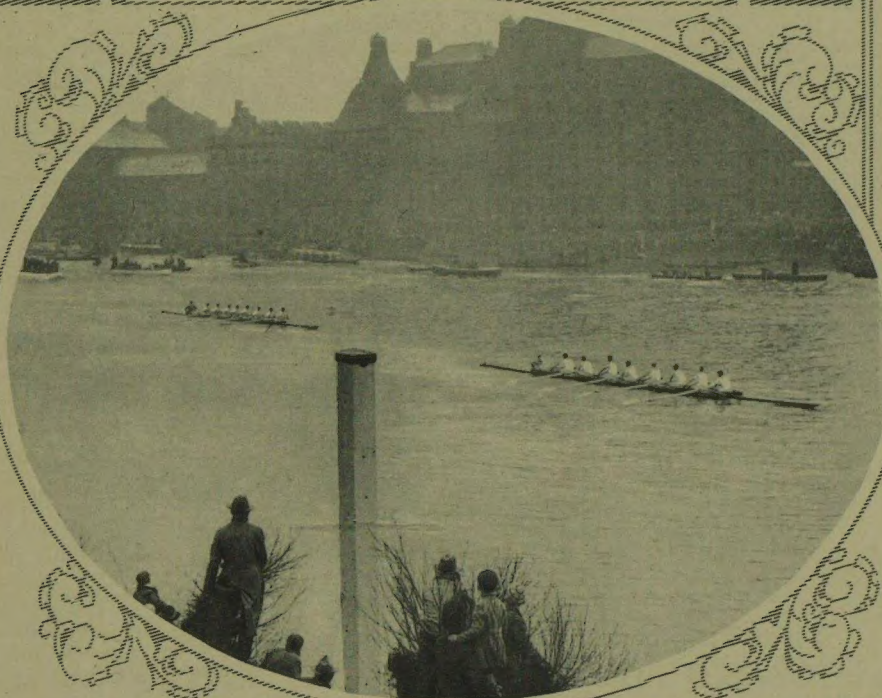
A REAL "BATTLE" OF THE BLUES: THE BOAT-RACE; AND CAPSIZED SPECTATORS.



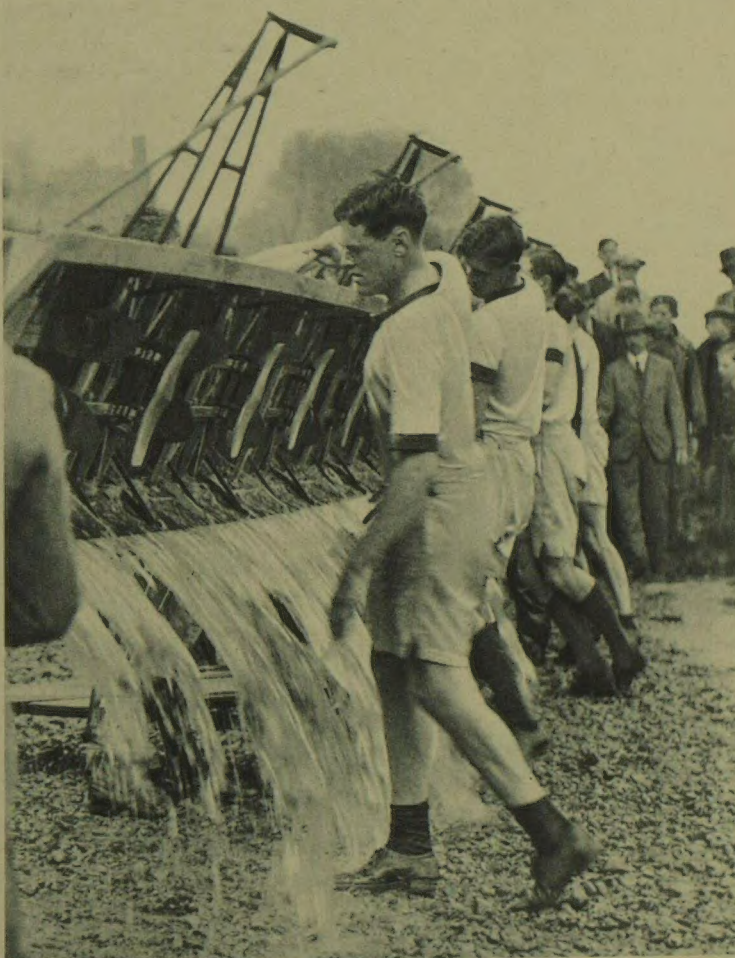
A CONTRAST IN STYLE: OXFORD (LEFT)—OBVIOUSLY MORE "EXTENDED" THAN CAMBRIDGE—LEADING BY A THIRD OF A LENGTH AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE, WHERE THE TIME SO FAR WAS A "RECORD."



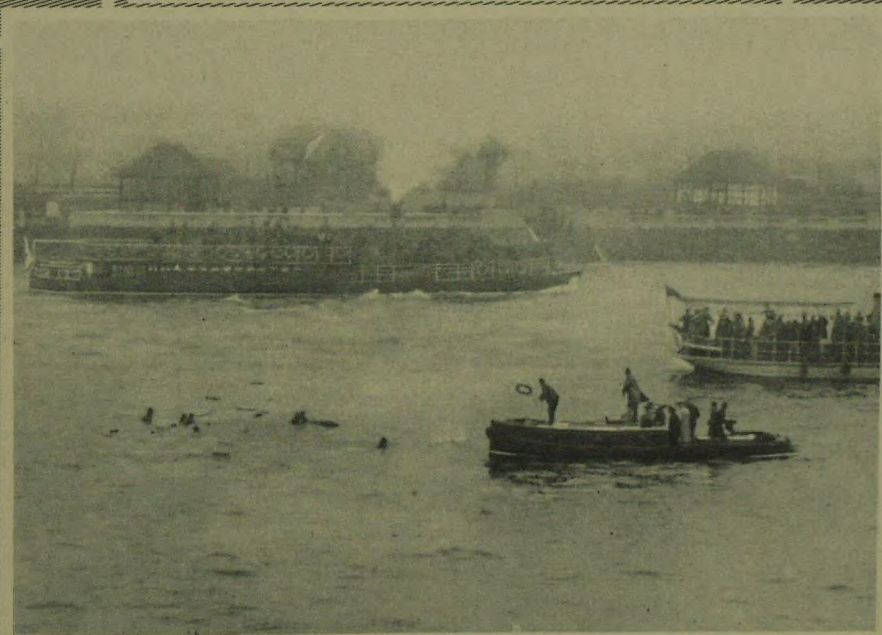
THE LIGHT BLUES DRAWING AHEAD FOR THE FIRST TIME, BY A SPURT NEAR THE END OF THE RACE: CAMBRIDGE LEADING BY A LENGTH AT BARNES BRIDGE.



THE FINISH OF A GREAT BOAT-RACE: CAMBRIDGE PASSING THE POST TWO LENGTHS AHEAD OF OXFORD, WHO HAD LED SLIGHTLY, OR KEPT LEVEL, FOR ABOUT THREE MILES TO DUKE'S MEADOWS.



OXFORD EMPTYING WATER FROM THEIR BOAT AFTER THE RACE; SIGNS OF THE "ROUGH PASSAGE" BOTH BOATS HAD EXPERIENCED, ESPECIALLY OFF CHISWICK EYOT AND NEAR BARNES BRIDGE.

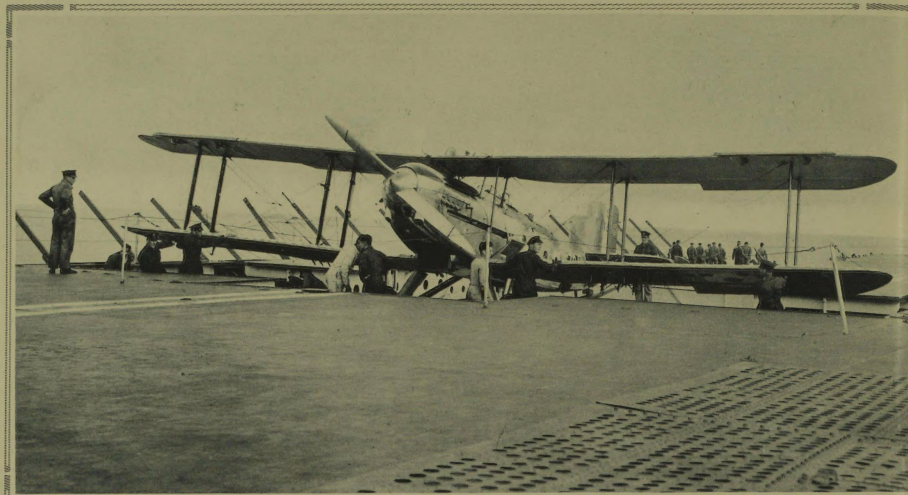


ELEVEN PEOPLE STRUGGLING IN THE RIVER WHEN A BOAT CAPSIZED IN THE WASH OF A STEAMER JUST AFTER THE RACE: A REMARKABLE "SNAPSHOT," SHOWING RESCUERS THROWING LIFEBELTS.

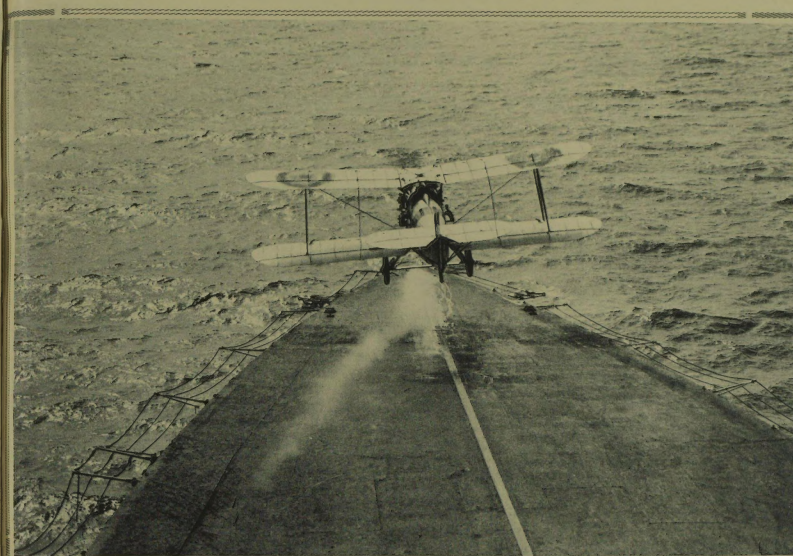
As noted under the photograph of the two crews after the finish, given on our front page, Cambridge won the Boat-Race on April 12 by two lengths, after a magnificent struggle. Oxford, who won the toss and had the advantage of the Surrey side, took the lead from the start and were a third of a length ahead at Hammersmith Bridge. The time to that point (7 min. 10 sec.) was the best on record. At Chiswick Eyot, after the bend in the river, both boats met the full force of the wind, and first Cambridge, then Oxford, encountered very rough water. At Chiswick Steps Oxford were still half a length ahead, and opposite

Duke's Meadows (after three miles) the crews raced stroke for stroke. Then Cambridge spurted, and drew ahead. Despite bad weather—there was a heavy rain-storm during the race—the crowd of spectators was bigger than ever. Just after the river traffic had been released after the finish, a large rowing-boat, swamped in the wash of a pleasure-steamer, capsized opposite Duke's Meadows, and eleven people were pitched into the water. Boats hurried to the rescue, and lifebelts were thrown. All the eleven were picked up, but two little girls among them, suffering from shock, had to be taken to the West London Hospital.

DISAPPEARING CHART-HOUSES, WIND-BREAKERS, AND LIFTS FOR R.N. AEROPLANES: IN AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS.

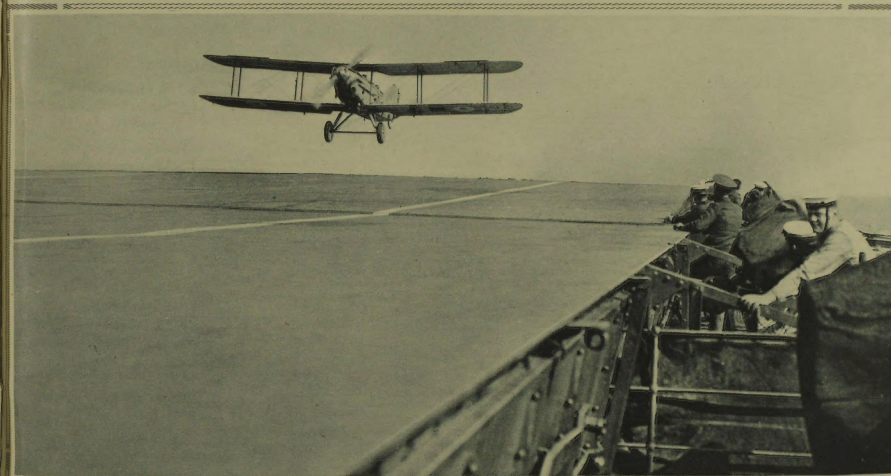
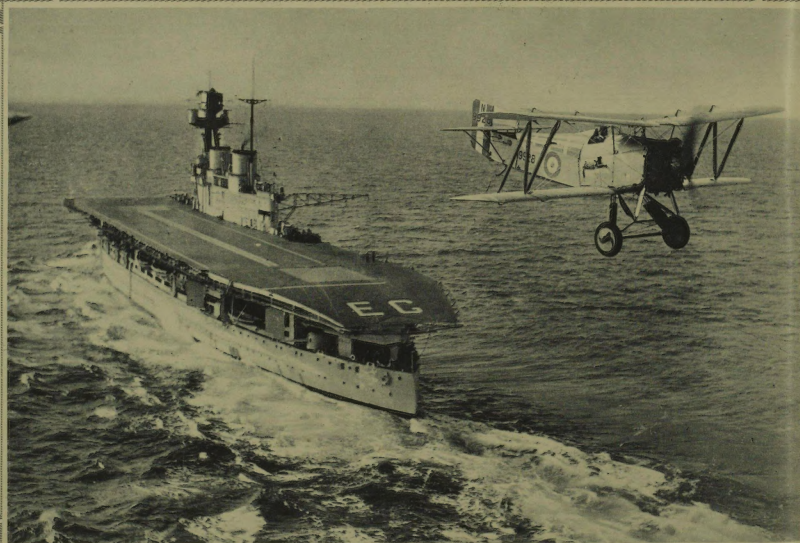


TO ILLUSTRATE THE MANNER IN WHICH AEROPLANES ARE RAISED FROM AND LOWERED INTO THE SHIP'S HANGAR IN LIFTS: A RECONNAISSANCE MACHINE IN THE WELL OF THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE "FURIOUS."



A FIGHTER TAKING-OFF FROM AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: THE MACHINE FLYING FROM THE LOWER FLIGHT-DECK OF THE CONVERTED CRUISER "FURIOUS," WHOSE UPPER FLIGHT-DECK HAS A LENGTH OF SEVEN HUNDRED FEET.

A FIGHTER AEROPLANE IMMEDIATELY AFTER LEAVING THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "EAGLE": A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE UNOBSTRUCTED RUN.



A RECONNAISSANCE AEROPLANE LANDING ON AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: THE MACHINE ABOUT TO ALIGHT ON THE "FURIOUS," WHICH IS EQUIPPED WITH THREE FLIGHTS—FIGHTER, SPOTTER RECONNAISSANCE, AND TORPEDO.

In our last issue we gave a series of photographs, from a Movietone sound-film, of an aeroplane being raised from the hangar of the aircraft-carrier "Argus," the chart-house of that ship being lowered to the level of the flight-deck so that an unobstructed run could be had, and the aeroplane alighting on the flight-deck after a flight. Here we illustrate episodes on the aircraft-carriers "Furious" and "Eagle," the former a converted cruiser and the latter a converted battleship. To give a general idea of the handling of aeroplanes in such ships, we quote Jane's "Fighting Ships" on the "Argus," which, by the way, is a converted liner: "Hangar is 350 feet long by 68 feet wide (over all) and 48 feet clear width, 20 feet clear height. It is divided into four sections by fireproof screens, and can accommodate 20 aeroplanes of sea and land types. . . . Torpedoes are carried for torpedo-dropping aeroplanes, aero-bombs, spare parts, wings, propellers, etc. . . . Two electrically-controlled lifts for raising aircraft from hangar to flight-deck. Forward lift, 30 ft. by 36 ft. After lift, 60 ft. by 18 ft. When forward lift is at flight-deck level, two roller platforms slide to the sides and uncover well opening. When lift descends, the platforms are closed

together. . . . When a deck load of aeroplanes is carried, wind-breaking palisades can be raised simultaneously to 14 ft. above flying deck. (See "Furious" photograph on "Our Note-Book" page.) Two derricks with electric winches amidships on flight-deck and two electric cranes at stern on hangar-deck level; all to pick up aeroplanes from the water." Needless to say, details differ on other aircraft-carriers. To deal with those shown on this double-page, we give certain particulars—also from Jane's "Fighting Ships." The "Furious" carries the following flights: 1 Fighter; 3 Spotter Reconnaissance; 2 Torpedo. "Underwent refit and alteration 1921-25, after which her appearance was completely altered, the funnel and mast being removed and a new hangar built forward. Smoke is discharged from vents at after end of hangar, or alternately through flight-deck. . . . There are two hydraulic lifts from hangars to flight-deck." The "Eagle" carries the following flights: 1 Spotter Reconnaissance; 1 Fighter; 1 Torpedo. Both the "Furious" and the "Argus" have disappearing chart-houses. Obviously, this is not necessary in the case of the "Eagle." All our photographs were taken by Mr. Charles E. Brown during the recent Fleet Exercises.

"The Co-operation of Biology and the Humanities."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"HUMAN HISTORY": By G. ELLIOT SMITH, LITT.D., F.R.S.*

(PUBLISHED BY JONATHAN CAPE.)

LITERATURE suffers, thought is impoverished, by the tendency of scientific enquiry to fall into the hands of specialists who explore their particular branch of knowledge at an altitude which the mind's eye of the ordinary man cannot reach. There seems to be no remedy for this. The time has gone by when any one man could, like Aristotle, speak with authority on every subject under heaven. In the past this was not so. All knowledge was supposed to be contained in the works of the classical writers, and the industrious Scaliger, ignorant of Greek, learned it and mastered the whole sum of the world's knowledge, all in the course of a few years. Nowadays Science accepts no *ipse dixit*, however distinguished its origin. Though it admits conjecture, it abhors inaccuracy; so that the man of average education, who can discourse without dishonour on art or politics, cannot usefully contribute to the discussion of a scientific subject. His eloquence, his commonsense, his wit, will avail him nothing. He will not be worth listening to, not because what he says is necessarily wrong, but because it is too uninstructed even to count.

Few people would deny that among all the activities of the human mind Science is the one that, at the moment, achieves the most and promises the greatest future; and it is deplorable that it should be a fountain sealed at which our minds cannot refresh themselves. When, therefore, a book like Professor Elliot Smith's "Human History" comes and offers us a key to the mystery, we ought to be doubly grateful.

His book is of such tremendous scope, and can be considered in so many aspects, that any short account must necessarily be partial and inadequate, if not mistaken and misleading. It traces the development of the human race, beginning with *Homo Pithecanthropus*, at least a million years before the Christian Era, down to the civilisation of the Greeks, and its survey includes every aspect of that development, archaeological, biological, moral, intellectual. "It may be asked," says Professor Elliot Smith, "what more can the co-operation of Biology and the Humanities do to interpret human thought and action than is being done at present by the two disciplines independently? This book is an attempt to answer the question."

The author does not try to write down to his audience; he is lavish in the use of technical terms: but he is so completely possessed by his subject that its main outlines become immediately apparent. He does not treat the human race as mere material for scientific investigation; the abstract and the concrete react upon and illuminate each other. "The distinctive feature of mankind... is that human thoughts and actions are profoundly influenced by his personal experience, which is individual. Descartes' neglect of the essential qualities of Man has led to infinite confusion, which has not yet been eliminated, although three centuries have elapsed since his *Discourse on Method* was published." "It would not be an exaggeration to claim," the author says, "that civilisation was evolved out of Man's endeavours to understand the constitution of his own body and preserve the life that animated it."

His chief preoccupation was how to keep himself alive, and his earliest ideas, like the earliest evidences of his handiwork, are directly connected with the desire for self-preservation. The roughly-shaped objects of the "Chellean Industry" are perhaps half a million years old; the more accurately fashioned "Mousterian" relics only fifty thousand. Professor Elliot Smith gives illustrations of them, traces their evolution, and shows what light their distribution throws on the migrations of the men who made them. This is an interesting enquiry; but more absorbing, because of more lasting effect, are the ideas in which the desire for self-preservation expressed itself, and the consequent efforts to propitiate and enlist the help of some vague life-giver. The instinct for self-preservation created religion, as it created civilisation. It made man aware of his surroundings: it stimulated his powers of selection and discrimination. The life of any creature was identified in the primitive mind with its blood: hence the colour red was regarded as having an especial sanctity and life-giving properties. The holly-berries with which we deck our homes at Christmas are a survival of this ancient superstition. Life-giving powers were supposed to reside in many small, natural objects, some, like the cornelian, because they displayed the favourite colour; others, like the cowrie shell, because in them could be

traced some rudimentary resemblance to the human form. Biological facts played an enormous part in determining the myths to which the religious instinct gave rise, and the concrete symbols in which they were expressed. Thus, in Egypt the placenta came to be regarded as the guardian and protector of the being it followed into the world; it was a sort of *alter ego*, in this world and in the next. The King's placenta, symbolised by his flag, was the emblem to his people of his supreme life-giving power. It established a blood bond between him and them; it was their totem.

Professor Elliot Smith examines the beginnings of the six races of mankind: Negro, Mongol, Australian, Alpine, Nordic, Mediterranean. "When the claim for the superiority of the Nordic Race is advanced with uncritical enthusiasm," he observes, "it is well to remember that the Mediterranean people were the inventors of our civilisation. Whether we consider Egypt,

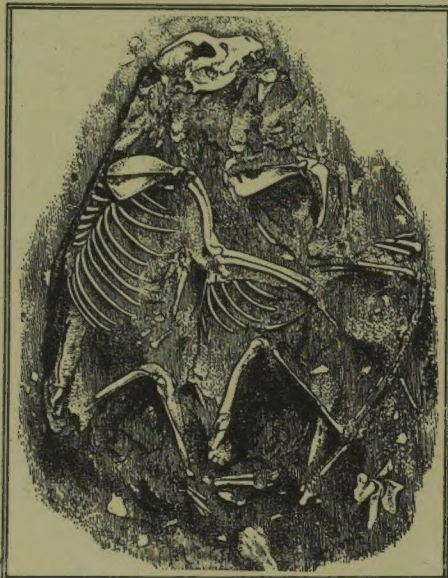
upon fossil remains discovered in Java (*Pithecanthropus*, the Ape-Man), in England at Piltdown (*Eoanthropus*, the Dawn Man), and in China (*Sinanthropus*). These three types differ widely, and must have had a common ancestor far more ancient than themselves. But who he was, or where he came from, we cannot tell, any more than we can tell why (unless through lack of brain-power) the great clumsy Neanderthal Man became extinct, and his (probably) near contemporary, the Lloyd's Man (perhaps the earliest known example of *Homo Sapiens*), lived on. It is tantalising to the imagination to study maps showing the wanderings of the great anthropoid apes from India to Africa, on the one hand, and Australasia on the other; but it affords us no help in ascertaining the place of origin of the Human Family, though it, too, must surely have migrated, since its earliest exemplars are found as far apart as England, Java, and China.

But the reader's natural desire for theory and statement which require little if any qualification is soon satisfied. Professor Elliot Smith proclaims the historical existence of the Golden Age. Primitive food-gathering communities did not, as Hobbes and many other economists have assured us, lead lives that were "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short." The state of Nature was not a state of war, every man's hand turned against his fellow, so that, for the sake of peace and quietness, they were obliged to choose "a common power to keep them all in awe." On

the contrary, it was precisely the institution of this common power which destroyed the amenities of their existence. Kwang-Tze, the follower of Lao-Tze (604-532 B.C.), significantly observes: "In the age of perfect virtue, men attached no value to wisdom. They were upright and correct, without knowing that to be so was Righteousness; they loved one another, without knowing that to do so was Benevolence; they were honest and leal-hearted, without knowing that it was Loyalty; they fulfilled their engagements without knowing that to do so was Good Faith." After Fu-hi and other sovereigns disturbed the harmonies of heaven and earth, "the manners of the people, from being good and simple, became bad and mean." Since the practice of agriculture is considered by some to mark the appearance of civilisation, Professor Elliot Smith examines the habits and behaviour of those primitive communities who gather and do not produce food, and finds that in almost every case they are marked by gentleness, good nature, and respect for the sanctity of human life. The Vedda of Ceylon "are proverbially truthful and honest. They are as peaceful as it is possible to be. They are fond of their children. . . . Infidelity in the husband or the wife appears to be unknown." Among the Andamanese "every care and consideration are paid by all classes to the very young, the weak, the aged, and the helpless." The Negritos of the Philippine Islands "cannot" lie and hardly ever steal. None of these primitive peoples live a more ideal existence than the Eskimos. They have no word for "war." "They have no ruling class. Social grades are unknown, and property is communal. The Eskimo deals with grievances in the following manner. The offended man composes a song, and invites everyone, including the offender, to listen to it. If the audience approves of the song, the complainant is considered to have justified himself; if not, his failure as composer is regarded as an adequate punishment. If an Eskimo should lose or break some article that he had borrowed, the owner usually reassures him. If, however, he shows resentment, the culprit remains quite calm, for the Eskimo considers that only one person need be annoyed at a time." The sophisticated European, enjoying those benefits of civilisation that culminate in world-wars, cannot read without wistfulness these accounts of the idyllic existence of the noble savage—the poet's dream enacted in real life. "The world's great age begins anew." "Redeunt Saturnia regna." Professor Elliot Smith sums up as follows: "Primitive people are innocent of any of the more horrible practices that are found among mankind. They are not addicted to head-hunting. Nor do they practise human sacrifice. They are never cannibals. They do not torture other human beings."

"The Golden Age" was interrupted by the coming of the Age of Gold. Professor Elliot Smith shows us how the migrations of primitive peoples were affected by the discovery of gold. Gold had been treasured by human beings for thirty centuries before it became a standard of value and a medium of exchange. It was associated with the Sun-god, and, like other amulets, had life-giving

(Continued on page 710.)



THE EARLIEST EVIDENCE OF THE DOMESTICATION OF THE DOG: A DOG BURIED IN THE SAME WAY AS HUMAN BEINGS IN AN EARLY PREDYNASTIC CEMETERY IN UPPER EGYPT. (CIRCA 4000 B.C.)

Reproduced from "Human History," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE BURIED DOG: AN EARLY PREDYNASTIC EGYPTIAN BODY, NATURALLY DESICCATED.

Around the back the remains of the linen shroud can be seen.

Reproduced from "Human History," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. Jonathan Cape.

Babylonia, or Syria as the home of civilisation, there is no doubt that the pioneers were of Mediterranean race. The Nordic Race, which has played an obtrusive part in developing and spreading abroad civilisation during the last thirty centuries, did not take any part in the task of creating it. The original home of the Nordic people may be located tentatively in Russia, between the Ural Mountains and Moscow. The first definite evidence of the existence of a fair-haired, blue-eyed people is to be found "in certain pictures in the temple of Seti the Great in Egypt," about 1300 B.C. They are mentioned also in Homer, and the earliest literature of Persia.

Our knowledge of the earliest forerunners of the human race is necessarily conjectural. It depends in large measure



INCLUDING NEANDERTHAL MAN: ANIMALS LIVING IN THE MOUSTERIAN PERIOD.

In the picture may be seen Neanderthal Man, the steppe horse, the ibex, the cave lion, the cave leopard, the cave bear, the mammoth, the red deer, the reindeer, the musk ox, the wolverene, the Arctic fox, the Arctic hare, the Arctic ptarmigan, lemmings, the Arctic fox, and the woolly rhinoceros.

Reproduced in Dr. G. Elliot Smith's "Human History," from Dorothy Davison's "Our Prehistoric Ancestors," Published by Messrs. Methuen.

* "Human History." By G. Elliot Smith, Litt.D., F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy in the University of London. (Jonathan Cape; 21s. net.)

"A GREAT CACHE OF MUMMIES": SPECTACULAR DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT.



FIG. 1. WHERE 101 COFFINED MUMMIES AND 29 SIMPLE BURIALS WERE FOUND, NEAR THE MEYDUM PYRAMID: A SURFACE VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE PIT SEEN IN FIG. 4—SHOWING REMOVAL OF COFFINS.



FIG. 2. "PILED HIGH WITH COFFINS COVERED WITH LUMPS OF SOFT ROCK FALLEN FROM THE ROOF": AN ANTE-CHAMBER ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE TOMB-PIT SHOWN IN FIG. 4.



FIG. 3. "WHERE AS MANY AS TEN COFFINS WERE STACKED TWO DEEP": SIDE-CHAMBERS (LOCULI) LEADING OFF AN ANTE-CHAMBER ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE TOMB-PIT.



FIG. 4. THE ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB-PIT WHERE THE 101 COFFINS AND MUMMIES WERE FOUND (SEE FIG. 1): A VIEW DOWN THE PIT (LOOKING NORTH) WITH A CHAIN OF MEN REMOVING "FINDS."



FIG. 5. LIKE A PILE OF LUGGAGE ON A RAILWAY PLATFORM: A STACK OF COFFINS 3000 YEARS OLD, IN A ROOM OFF THE NORTH ANTE-CHAMBER OF THE TOMB, AFTER REMOVAL OF DÉBRIS.

These photographs illustrate Mr. Alan Rowe's article on the succeeding page, in which he continues his account of the excavations which he has been conducting at the great Pyramid of Meydum, on behalf of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. The Pyramid itself was built, some 5000 years ago, for Seneferu, the father of Cheops. Writing in our issue of March 22, in the first instalment of his article, Mr. Rowe said: "The most spectacular 'find' is undoubtedly a great cache of mummies in a tomb near the west side of the Pyramid." It is

this discovery which he describes in the present number, and to which the above illustrations relate. The excavators found a deep, wide pit of elliptical form (Fig. 4), in the sides of which were no fewer than twelve rock chambers. Some of these chambers were stacked with coffins, one layer upon another. There was a complex of tombs, containing in all 101 mummies in coffins, besides 29 simple burials. Most of them dated from about the 20th Dynasty (c. 1200 B.C.), but two belonged to the 12th Dynasty (c. 2000 B.C.), nearly 4000 years ago.

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(SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 676 AND FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 677.)

THE 101 MUMMIES OF MEYDUM.

THE "MOST PROLIFIC FIND" AT THE MEYDUM PYRAMID: A COMPLEX OF EGYPTIAN TOMBS, WITH OVER A HUNDRED COFFINS, DATING FROM 2000 TO 1200 B.C.

By ALAN ROWE, Field Director of the Egypt Expedition from the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. (See Illustrations opposite, and on Page 675.)

The following is the third instalment of Mr. Alan Rowe's article on his recent excavations in and around the famous Pyramid of Meydum. The first part (given in our issue of March 22) concerned the Pyramid itself and the adjacent mastabah, one of the largest tombs of its kind in Egypt, 354 ft. long by 187 ft. wide. The second part of the article (published in our issue of April 5) dealt with "intrusive" burials in the mastabah, including that of a foreigner from Cyprus, during the XVIIIth Dynasty (1580-1321 B.C.), when the mastabah was already 1400 years old. Mr. Rowe will now describe what he has called "the most spectacular" discovery of all—"a great cache of mummies."

A GREAT CACHE OF MUMMIES.

BY far the most prolific find of the season at Meydum has been made a little distance to the south-west of the pyramid, where I sent a prospecting party under one

coffins found in the northern chambers, but in passing we may mention that one of them bore a defaced funerary text on behalf of the deceased.

While we had been clearing the northern chambers we had recognised another blocking opposite, on the south side of the pit. The time then came for us to pass on to the examination of the chamber behind the blocking, which proved to be about the same size as the northern ante-room. Its visible coffins were, if anything, in a worse state of preservation owing to the heavy falls of rock, and we hardly expected to discover the finest coffins we had hitherto seen in the tomb. But, on cleaning, a slot appeared on the western side of the room, which was prolonged so as to form two *loculi*, one at each end, each sealed with large stones. The southern *loculus* (called by us Chamber M) contained a double-coffin of about the XXth Dynasty; the northern (Chamber N) two rectangular coffins of the XIIth Dynasty, one whole and one broken up. Then,

of Abydos, the great god, the lord at the head of the living, who is in the Necropolis; and to Imseth, Hepi, Duamutef, and Qebhsennuf [*i.e.*, the four gods of the embalmment] in the Necropolis, that they may give invocation consisting of bread, cakes, ale, oxen, geese, incense, garments, wine, milk, grape-juice, libations, flower offerings, food, and everything beautiful and pure." The mention of grape-juice is rather unusual, and brings to our mind a dish of grapes, with other fruit, which we found in a child's burial elsewhere (See p. 567 in our issue of April 5). Compare also the Ptolemaic vineyard of Meydum mentioned in a previous article (See p. 460 in our issue of March 22). On a small rock ledge to the east of the main burial was lying a skeleton with the head to the north.

COFFIN IN CHAMBER N.

When we opened this chamber we saw inside a complete rectangular coffin of the XIIth Dynasty (*c.* 2000 B.C.)



FIG. 1. EIGHTY-FIVE FEET OF LINEN FROM THE LEGS OF ONE MUMMY (THAT OF SAT-HER-EM-HAT, WHOSE COFFIN APPEARS IN FIG. 6 ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE): THE LINEN WRAPPING (4½ FT. BROAD) STRETCHED ALONG THE FRONT OF A BUILDING USED BY THE EXPEDITION.

of my staff, Mr. Hamilton, to search for tombs. After investigating several likely-looking places, the party chose a spot where there was a slight sand-filled depression in the desert gravel, and soon found that it deepened into a wide elliptical pit (p. 675, Figs. 1 and 4). Eventually no fewer than twelve rock chambers were discovered in the sides of it, some of them stacked with coffins, layer on layer. Besides 29 simple burials this complex of tombs contained a total of 101 mummies in coffins. These were mostly of simple workmanship, but, after clearing them all, we came upon several fine ones; the majority dated from about the XXth Dynasty (*c.* 1200 B.C.) or later, while two belonged to the XIIth Dynasty (*c.* 2000 B.C.). A great many faience amulets and scarabs have been found in the tomb. The former class of objects represent the gods Bes, Thoth, Duamutef, Isis suckling Horus, Sekhmet, Bast, and Ptah-Seker-Osiris. The last amulet (Fig. 2, opposite page) is a particularly interesting one, as it represents the god standing on two crocodiles, having behind him a winged figure of the goddess Sekhmet; under the base is inscribed a scorpion and a sacred eye.

We found the different chambers in the reverse order of their date. The latest, apparently dating to the Ptolemaic-Roman period, were only half-way down the pit and numbered four in all, two being on the east side and two on the west side. These four chambers contained a confused mass of broken coffins and mummies, bitumenised remains being found in the western chambers. Before we had cleared out all these chambers we already knew that there were other burials below; from a chink in the north side of the northern of the two chambers on the western side we had caught a glimpse of rows of coffins stacked on top of each other, two and three and even more deep, for all the world like a forgotten lumber-room. On clearing some more sand from the pit the entrance appeared on the north side; like the upper chambers, this one was sealed with a large flat stone. Removing this, we gazed into an ante-room piled high in places with corpses and coffins, covered with lumps of soft rock which had fallen from the roof (p. 675, Figs. 2 and 5), and thick with cobwebs. Beyond, we saw that there were two *loculi* where as many as ten coffins were stacked two deep (p. 675, Fig. 3); and to one corner an opening into the chamber which we had first glimpsed through the chink.

It was several days' work removing this confusion of skeletons, mummies, and smashed coffins, broken by the lumps of rock which had flaked off the roof. As each layer was cleared the next was planned and photographed. Only the better-preserved coffins, numbering nearly thirty in all, were kept. The greater number were anthropoid, the children's coffins chiefly rectangular. A number had lids painted in black, or whitewashed or distempered; only a few had the head and shoulders in colour. It is impossible within the limits of this article to describe fully the various

suddenly, we realised that the southern wall of the ante-chamber was also sealed with a large flat stone, cemented at the edges (Fig. 3, opposite). Here, in another *loculus* (Chamber L) and enclosed in a double coffin (Fig. 4, opposite) of about the XXth Dynasty, lay the finest mummy yet



FIG. 2. THE "SIGN OF LIFE": A WOODEN ANKH, PAINTED BLUE, FOUND BELOW THE HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF SAT-HER-EM-HAT IN THE COFFIN SHOWN IN FIG. 6 ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

discovered at Meydum. The coffins in these three side chambers will now be described in some detail, as they are worthy of special mention.

COFFIN IN CHAMBER M.

The main burial in this chamber consisted of an outer and an inner coffin, the head facing north. Only the lids of the coffin were in a good state of preservation, the sides having completely collapsed. The head portions of each coffin bore the usual coloured mask, head-dress, and so on, while the upper one contained the following inscription written in two vertical lines of blue hieroglyphs on a yellow background: "Recite the (following) words to Osiris, who is at the head of (the Western Land), the lord

resting on the remains of another similar coffin of the same date. The uppermost coffin was made for the "lady of the house," Sat-Her-em-hat (literally, "Daughter of Horus-who-is-in-front"), and it is interesting to note that the word *Her* ("Horus"), for superstitious reasons, has not been written with the "hawk"-sign, as usual, but with the "road"-sign. On the right side of the coffin (Fig. 6, opposite), near where the head of the mummy was placed, are the sacred eyes resting on a false door. The sides of the coffin are covered with extracts from the "Heliopolitan Recension of the Book of the Dead," the oldest versions of which are found in the pyramids of the Vth and VIth Dynasties at Sakkarah. The inscriptions contain the usual funerary prayers to Osiris for offerings in the monthly festival, half-monthly festival, the Wag Festival, the Thoth Festival, and the festivals of the appearance of Min and Sothis, etc. The god Anubis is beseeched that he may give a "beautiful burial in her grave in the Necropolis" to the deceased. Sat-Her-em-hat is said to be revered before Geb, the earth-god, Neith, the goddess of Sais; Serget, the scorpion goddess; Imseti (one of the gods of the embalmment), Isis, the Little Company of Gods, and the Great Company of Gods.

When we unwrapped the mummy we found that it had been placed face down in the coffin, the outside wrappings being tied up behind with ordinary knots. A wooden *ankh*-sign of "life" (Fig. 2 on this page) was lying below the head, painted blue. The head of the mummy, inside the outer coverings, was covered with a kind of hood made out of seven pieces of very well made linen pressed together. The front part of this hood was once moulded in the shape of the face of the deceased and covered with white plaster, on which the features, etc., were traced in paint. Most of the plaster had flaked off, but a fragment of the painted pectoral was found. The remains of a wig, made of hair and wool, were resting *in situ* on the head of the body itself. A very large number of beads were discovered, including a beautiful amethyst necklace and a necklace of miniature amulets. We also discovered a complete pectoral of beads, which was suspended from the neck by means of two bead-spreaders of blue faience with representations of hawks' heads in black. Two scarabs were also found, one bearing the proper name "Her-em-hat, the elder," doubtless a relative of the deceased. Wrapped around the legs was a great pad of beautiful white linen in an excellent state of preservation; when unfolded, it turned out to measure 85 ft. in length by 4½ ft. in breadth (Fig. 1 on this page).

The XIIth Dynasty texts on the broken coffin underneath that of Sat-Her-em-hat, which are also in white upon a black background, inform us that the name of the deceased (a man) was Khenti-kheti-em-hat. As in the case of the upper coffin, the sacred eyes rest on false doors, which in this case are nicely decorated. The sides bear the usual prayer to Osiris for funerary offerings and to Anubis for a beautiful burial in the tomb-chamber. The deceased is

(Continued on page 704.)

THE BEST MEYDUM "FINDS": COFFINS; MUMMIES; MASKS; AMULETS.

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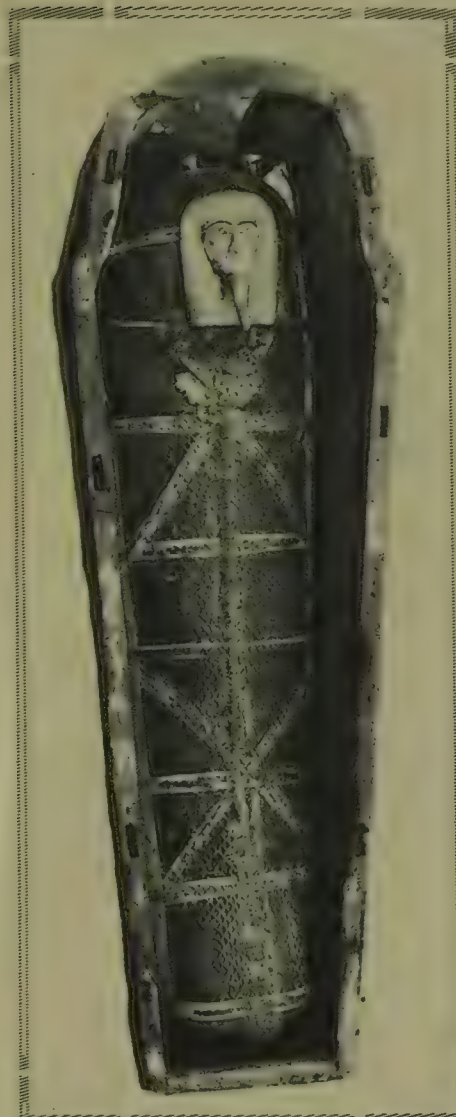


FIG. 1. CONTAINING A WELL-PRESERVED MUMMY WITH A GILDED MASK AND COVERED WITH A NETWORK OF BEADS: THE INNER COFFIN (BEHIND THAT IN FIG. 4) FROM CHAMBER "L."



FIG. 2. A FAIENCE AMULET (FRONT AND BACK VIEWS) OF THE GOD PTAH-SEKER-OSIRIS, STANDING ON TWO CROCODILES, AND HAVING AT THE BACK A WINGED FIGURE OF THE GODDESS SEKHMET.

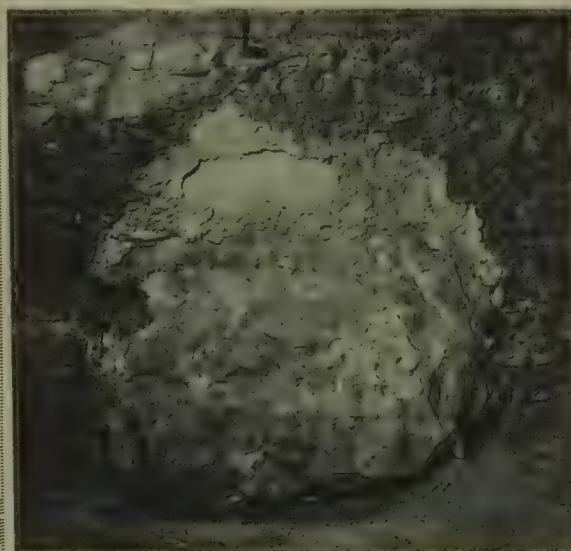


FIG. 3. BEFORE OPENING: THE ENTRANCE TO CHAMBER "L" SEALED WITH A LARGE FLAT STONE CEMENTED AT THE EDGES, THE REMOVAL OF WHICH REVEALED THE COFFIN SEEN IN FIG. 4 (ADJOINING).



FIG. 4. AFTER OPENING: THE ENTRANCE TO CHAMBER "L" AFTER REMOVAL OF THE FLAT STONE SEEN IN FIG. 3 (ADJOINING), REVEALING A COFFIN DATING FROM ABOUT THE 20TH DYNASTY (C. 1200 B.C.).



FIG. 5. INSCRIBED WITH A PRAYER TO ANUBIS: THE LID OF THE 12TH-DYNASTY (2000 B.C.) COFFIN OF KHENTI-KHETI-EM-HAT, FOUND BELOW THAT OF SAT-HER-EM-HAT (FIG. 6).



FIG. 6. WHERE THE 85-FT. LINEN MUMMY-WRAPPING (FIG. 1 ON OPPOSITE PAGE) WAS FOUND: THE COFFIN OF SAT-HER-EM-HAT ("DAUGHTER OF HORUS WHO IS IN FRONT") BEARING TWO SACRED EYES AND INSCRIBED WITH PRAYERS TO OSIRIS.



FIG. 7. A MOVABLE GILDED MASK WITH A FALSE BEARD: A CLOSE VIEW OF THE MASK ON THE MUMMY SHOWN INSIDE ITS COFFIN IN FIG. 1.

Some of the most interesting discoveries described by Mr. Alan Rowe in his article on the opposite page are illustrated in the above photographs, which are numbered to correspond with his references to the several subjects. The well-preserved mummy shown in Fig. 1 was found in the outer coffin in the burial-chamber marked "L" by the excavators, and shown (before and after it was unsealed) in Figs. 3 and 4. In another chamber of the tomb was found the coffin (Fig. 6) of a woman named Sat-Her-em-hat. The voluminous amount of material used for wrapping mummies was here exemplified. Wrapped around the

legs was a great pad of beautiful white linen, in excellent preservation: when unfolded it measured no less than 85 ft. long by 4½ ft. broad. This huge piece of linen, over 3000 years old, is shown, stretched out across the front of a building, in a photograph reproduced on the opposite page. On the outside of the coffin, near the position of the head within, was painted a representation of the sacred eyes, through which it was believed that the deceased would be able to look out. Sometimes one eye was painted on one side of a coffin, and the other on the opposite side.

A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: A "WIMBLEDON" ON THE HIGH SEAS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE HAMBURG-SÜDAMERIKA LINE.



SAID TO BE THE ONLY SHIP IN THE WORLD WITH A FULL-SIZE LAWN-TENNIS COURT ON DECK: THE 27,560-TON LINER "CAP ARCONA" SEEN FROM THE AIR, SHOWING THE TENNIS COURT AFT OF THE FUNNELS.

To the series of photographs we have lately been publishing, at intervals, as Symbols of Our Time, may appropriately be added those given on this and the opposite page, for nothing could be more symbolic of modernity than a great liner, provided with all the amenities of a palatial hotel, including facilities for many sports and amusements similar to those obtainable on land. Typical of such "floating palaces" is the 27,560-ton Hamburg-South America liner "Cap Arcona," which is, moreover, claimed to be unique as being the only ship in the world equipped with a full-size lawn-tennis court on deck. The court is situated on the sports deck, aft of

[Continued opposite.



PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS ABOARD SHIP: A GAME OF DOUBLES IN PROGRESS ON THE SPORTS DECK OF THE HAMBURG-SOUTH AMERICA LINER "CAP ARCONA."

[Continued.] the third funnel, as shown in the air view of the ship given above. There is a fifteen-foot "run back" at either end of the court, with galleries for spectators outside the high netting. Play takes place not only in the day-time, but also at night, with the aid of powerful electric lights. Our upper photograph shows that there is ample space for a game of doubles. In addition to the lawn-tennis court, there is also full provision aboard the "Cap Arcona" for the usual open-air deck games, as well as a fine swimming-pool, electrical and other baths, and a gymnasium. This ship, we may add, is one of the largest that has been built in Germany since the war.

A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: A "BATH CLUB" ON THE HIGH SEAS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RALPH YOUNG.



TYPICAL OF MODERN AMENITIES IN OCEAN LINERS: THE SWIMMING-POOL ABOARD THE S.S. "MALOLO."

As noted on the opposite page, the development of the modern liner, in size, speed, and luxurious accommodation, is certainly a symbol of our time. One improvement leads to another, prompted by healthy rivalry and increasing ocean travel. The particular photograph given here, by courtesy of our Australian contemporary "The Home," was taken aboard the Oceanic Steamship Company's Matson liner "Malolo." The subject is interesting just now from the report that the Cunard Company is projecting a gigantic new liner, all-British in construction, capable of carrying 5000 people, and to cost between

£5,000,000 and £6,000,000. With it the company hopes to win back the "blue riband" of the Atlantic, held by the Cunard Line for forty-nine years. The new Cunarder, it is expected, will be 65,000 tons—the biggest ship afloat. Meanwhile there are also rumours of new ocean giants for the United States Line, to which the U.S. Post Office has awarded its mail contract, it was reported not long ago, on condition that two new vessels are built equalling, if not exceeding, in size any of those on the Transatlantic service and costing not less than £12,000,000.

THE LAST THROES OF ABSOLUTISM.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

FOR some time the Russian Revolution has been much talked about. It imposed upon itself two Herculean tasks: that of rooting out Christianity from the old Slav lands, and that of introducing Communism in the country districts. The Government has once more shown itself implacable; the prisons are gorged; blood is flowing. From the first, the Bolshevik Revolution ranged Jesus Christ and God among the number of its adversaries, side by side with the whole middle-class of the world. Lenin had hardly risen to power when he had the works of Voltaire translated into Russian and spread abroad among the masses. With the fall of the Tsars, the Russian Church had reconquered for a moment its independence from the State, and once more nominated a Patriarch. The Revolution tried to turn this independence to its own profit by giving birth to a schism, and creating a new Church, the Living Church, which would consent to pray for "the pious Government of the U.S.S.R., which watches over the destinies of the people, on the basis of work and general well-being."

The attempt failed. The Living Church did no honour to its name; it died almost before it was born. The Revolution then sought to come to an understanding with the official Church, and this time it had more success. The Church recognised the new Government as existing by the grace of God; the Soviet Government authorised a patriarchal Holy Synod—that is, a directing order formed according to the canonical exigencies. Russia has always teemed with mystical sects, veritable Christian freelances which neither Church nor State has ever recognised with excessive benevolence. It was against this popular, undisciplined, adventurous Christianity that the Church and the Soviet State came to an agreement.

But the agreement was merely a truce. While the State was signing a compact with the Church, the Revolution was dismantling heaven. It organised a methodical atheistical propaganda of which M. de Chessin has given us an arresting description in one of the most impressive books which have been published on the subject of the chaos in Russia: "*La Nuit qui vient de l'Orient*." A special office is entrusted with this propaganda, and it employs every means, from journalism, booklets, lectures, activities in the schools, the formation of atheistical groups, up to processions and burlesque masquerades. M. de Chessin describes one of them, and it is worth while to quote his description: "At the head of the procession there waddled two deacons in scarlet capes, censers in their hands; they shout in thunderous voices: 'Let us ascend to the assault of heaven.' Following them, on lorries decorated with vermillion-coloured calico, appear 'International Gods': Osiris is Mitra's neighbour; Allah is with Buddha; Jehovah is represented as a kind of greasy Rabbi with a Cyclops' eye in his forehead; Christ, in a tall hat, symbol of Capitalism, and with a monocle in His eye, is absorbed in the reading of 'Capital'; a bouncing street-walker usually takes the rôle of the Virgin and suckles a doll dressed as a Red Soldier."

We shall not be surprised, therefore, if peace has proved precarious between the old Orthodox Church and a Government which is the enemy of all divinities and of all religions. To-day we have reached the last stage of the fight to a finish, destruction or disaffection of the Churches, deportation of the priests, interdiction of Divine service. . . . At the same time, the flame of civil war has been re-fanned and is devastating the country districts. Bolshevism had seized upon power with a programme of general socialisation; all riches, whether movable or immovable, were to become collective properties, exploited by the State for the benefit of the community. But it was too ambitious a programme. It was necessary to curtail it, and limit nationalisation to industry and commerce. The lands confiscated from the great

proprietors were taken, not by the State, but by the peasants; the proprietors only had changed, not the juridical administration of the property. The first result of the revolution was not the nationalisation of the land, but the illegal cutting up of the great properties.

Even in industry and commerce, the total nationalisation at the beginning of the revolution had undergone various modifications in the following years. Having observed that carrying out nationalisation to its utmost limit impoverished the country, the State had admitted within certain limits the use of individual initiative and capital, and tried to associate them with collective exploitation. Four years ago Muscovite collectivism appeared to wish to transact business with Western merchants, and to try and find the

What is the reason? Because the Russian Revolution desires to create a new civilisation in which everything will be different from what it is in the West; not only the economic organisations and the political institutions, but manners, art, literature, social life, the family, and individual and social morality. Once more the world must remake itself entirely; and if it refuses to do so it will be forced to come into line.

But why is this Russian Revolution so blindly provocative in its effort to hurry on a general regeneration for which neither Russia nor the rest of the world feels the smallest need? It is in order to justify the absolute power which the small oligarchy grasped in the month of October 1917. The whole problem lies there. We are to-day watching in Russia, under the appearances of a social revolution, the final struggles between Absolutism and Liberty.

From the month of April until the month of October 1917, between the proclamation of the Republic and the high-handed proceedings of the Bolsheviks, Russia tried to organise a republican Parliament on the Western model. The legal source of power was to be as in the West, universal suffrage organised by different parties, who would all enjoy the same rights in a régime of general liberty. During the first six months of the Revolution, the parties began to organise themselves and to dispute for power. But their disorderly struggles, which were also full of extravagances, increased the confusion engendered by the war and revolution; and the Bolsheviks profited by it. Helped by Imperial Germany, who furnished them with the wherewithal to pay a small group, thus adroitly exploiting the popular discontent with the growing confusion and with the war which continued, they forcibly took possession of power, and affirmed that their party alone, as the veritable representative of the Revolution, had the right to command. By denying the right of existence of all the other parties, the Bolsheviks suppressed not only the Parliamentary Republic and universal suffrage, but also the right of opposition—that is to say, that which in the West is called Liberty. As the Communist party, which alone had the right to command, was a small oligarchy, it thus succeeded in replacing the Tsar's Court, in continuing its absolute power, with the right of exterminating its adversaries. For all opposition became a revolt.

The stroke succeeded; the Red Cap put on the absolutism of the Tsars, the little Bolshevik oligarchy was able to grasp power, treasure the last remains of the ancient bureaucratic machine. It tried to apply the extreme doctrines of Marxism in the name of a proletariat which hardly existed in Russia; it began by confiscating properties and by abolishing debts. Helped by these favourable circumstances, and by the errors of its adversaries, the oligarchy was able to maintain itself in power, but it was not long before it found itself face to face with a very serious problem. For half a century Russia had begun to revolt against the absolute power of the Tsars. It seemed inadmissible, at least to a minority which increased from generation to generation, that the fate of a hundred million men should be confided to a small number of families, grouped around the Imperial Family, who could dispose of these millions of souls at will, without giving an account to anyone. And yet the absolute power of the Tsars had been legitimised by a tradition which had lasted for many centuries; by religious consecration; by the social superiority of the governing group; and by the existence of monarchies in other countries.

The oligarchy which in 1917 replaced the Tsar's Court in the exercise of absolute power was composed of primary school-masters, small journalists, professors, ancient noble emigrants who had returned after having known all the miseries of exile, and workmen and peasants. And it was alone in the world, without brothers or sisters. If Russia had begun to doubt the Tsar's rights to absolute power, how could she recognise in that conglomeration of the small middle class which had returned from the utmost parts of the earth those elected gods who were to command without rendering an account to anyone, and were grouped round a sort of economic Bible, translated from the German, which the greater part among them had never read?

(Continued on page 704.)



SAID TO BE THE ONLY PORTRAIT OF HUNGARY'S GREATEST KING, MATTHIAS I., ALSO CALLED MATTHIAS CORVINUS: A BOLTRAFFIO PRESENTED TO ADMIRAL HORTHY BY LORD ROTHERMERE.

This painting by Giovanni Antonio Boltraffio (1467-1516) has been presented to Admiral Horthy by Lord Rothermere, in recognition of the Regent's ten years of power, and it is now in the Hungarian Museum of Fine Arts in Budapest. It is said to be the only portrait of Matthias I., King of Hungary, who was born in February, 1440, was elected King in January, 1458, and died in April, 1490. Matthias was also known as Matthias Corvinus, and was fittingly dubbed The Great. He was famous as soldier, statesman, administrator, law-maker, orator, and patron of learning, and he has been described not only as the outstanding man of his generation, but as one of the world's wisest rulers. He was the second son of Janos Hunyadi and Elizabeth Szilagy.

balance of the new system in a mixture of capitalism and socialism. But for two years past the situation has suddenly returned to what it was before. In religion, as in economics, we see a reawakening of the extremist spirit. They are returning to the initial programme of total nationalisation, not only for industry and commerce, but also for the land. They want to exterminate the new class of rich proprietors to which the revolution has given birth, and everywhere reorganise rich State farms; so Ceres will also become an official of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. But resistance is greater in the country districts than it was in the towns; also in the country districts the Government is stubborn and severe.

There are certainly exaggerations in the news which comes from Russia. But, in the midst of these exaggerations, a recrudescence of the dictatorial régime appears to be indisputable. The régime seemed to have softened four or five years ago, to have approached nearer to the West, to have become more liberal in its ideas. It was only a swing of the pendulum. The Terror has begun again and become general, more inveterate than ever.

THE FIRST BRITISH CRUISER CARRYING TWO AIRCRAFT: A NEW TYPE.

Drawings by Oscar Parkes, Joint-Editor of Jane's "Fighting Ships." (Copyrighted.)



The new British cruiser "York," the first of the "B" class, or Cathedral City type—8400-ton ships carrying 8-inch guns—is to commission on May 6 for service in the Second Cruiser Squadron of the Atlantic Fleet. There she will be joined later by her sister ship "Exeter," launched at Devonport last July. These twin ships will probably be the last 8-inch gun cruisers to be built for the British Fleet for many years if an agreement results from the Naval Conference. The "York" is a ship of entirely new type, marking an epoch in war-ship design. After the Washington Conference had fixed the maximum displacement for future cruisers at 10,000 tons, the British

[Continued opposite.]

WITH A LIGHT AEROPLANE AND ITS LAUNCHING CATAPULT ON THE SECOND OF THE TWO FORWARD TURRETS: H.M.S. "YORK," BRITAIN'S LATEST CRUISER, OF NOVEL DESIGN, AN 8400-TON SHIP BUILT FOR SPEED AND RAPID FIRE AT LONG RANGE WITH 8-INCH GUNS.



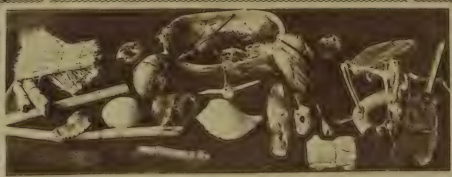
SHOWING HER TWO AIRCRAFT—A LIGHT AEROPLANE ON THE SECOND FORWARD TURRET AND A SEAPLANE ON THE AFTER SUPERSTRUCTURE (TO LEFT OF THE FUNNELS): A STARBOARD-SIDE VIEW OF H.M.S. "YORK," THE FIRST OF THE "CATHEDRAL CITY" TYPE OF BRITISH CRUISER.

[Continued.]

Admiralty decided that all the essential qualities of such a vessel could be obtained with smaller tonnage, and it was arranged to build several cruisers of 8400 tons. Only the two named, however, have materialised. The "York" was built by Messrs. Palmer at Jarrow, and was launched in 1928 by the Duchess of York. She has a speed of 32½ knots, and a main armament of six 8-inch guns in double turrets. She is the first British cruiser to be equipped with two aircraft. One is a light aeroplane, launched by a catapult mounted on the second forward turret. The other machine is a seaplane, launched from a catapult on the after superstructure.

THE OSPREY AS "FISHERMAN" FROM CAPTAIN KNIGHT'S

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPT.



1. A "MUSEUM" OF CURIOS FROM OSPREY NESTS (AS IN FIG. 4): MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS INCLUDING BOTTLE STRAWS, BASKET WITH DEAD BIRD, SHELLS, BROOM, ROLL OF PAPERS, AND DOLL'S HEAD (SHOWN ALSO IN FIGS. 2 AND 4).



2. SHOWING A DOLL'S HEAD (IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND): A FEMALE OSPREY ON HER NEST, WHICH CONTAINS THE EGGS IN A DEEP CUP-LIKE HOLLOW.



3. CAPTAIN KNIGHT STANDING ON AN OSPREY'S NEST: EVIDENCE OF THE REMARKABLE STRENGTH AND SOLIDITY OF THESE BIRDS' BUILDING CONSTRUCTION.



4. WITH A FISH IN HIS TALONS (HELD BROADSIDE ON, FOR SETTLING ON BOTH FEET, BUT DURING FLIGHT CARRIED HEAD-FOREMOST TO LESSEN WIND-RESISTANCE): A MALE OSPREY ARRIVING AT THE NEST (CONTAINING A DOLL'S HEAD).



5. A BEAUTIFUL CLUTCH OF OSPREY'S EGGS, WITH PARTICULARLY FINE MARKINGS, AS FOUND IN A NEST: AN UNCOMMON SET OF FOUR EGGS—THE USUAL NUMBER BEING THREE.

As noted in our last issue, when we gave a series of "action" photographs of an osprey hovering, taken by Captain C. W. R. Knight, that well-known naturalist-photographer arranged to produce his new film, "Sea Hawks," with a running commentary by himself in person, at the Polytechnic Cinema Theatre in Regent Street on April 14, and three times a day thereafter. We illustrate here some of the best items in this fascinating nature film, of which Captain Knight says: "In order to obtain really intimate studies of this unique bird, I travelled over 3000 miles to an island off the coast of America, where the most remarkable osprey colony in the world enjoys a primeval freedom (*i.e.*, Gardiner's Island, off Long Island, near New York). The osprey subsists entirely upon fish, and one of my main ambitions was to secure pictures of the great bird plunging into the water and emerging with a fish in its talons. I decided to try for pictures of the birds as they hovered over the sea and crashed into the waves—for they fished far more frequently in the sea than in fresh water. In the hope of reintroducing the osprey into Scotland I brought back two pairs of the

AND "COLLECTOR": PHOTOGRAPHS NEW FILM, "SEA HAWKS."

C. W. R. KNIGHT, M.C.

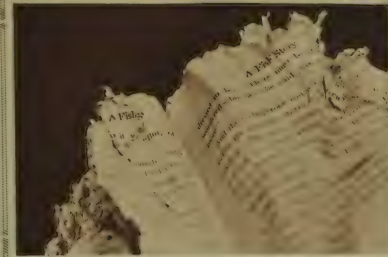


6. THE OSPREY AS "COLLECTOR": A NEST CONTAINING THREE EGGS (IN CENTRE) AND (WORKING ROUND FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) A BASKET, DEAD CROW, CRAB SHELL, SEA-SHELL, BIRD SKULL, AND PIECE OF BOARD (SOME OF THE OBJECTS SEEN IN FIG. 1).



7. AN OSPREY'S "FISHING TACKLE": THE BIRD'S FEET, WITH BIG SEMI-CIRCULAR TALONS OF EQUAL SIZE (UNLIKE THOSE OF OTHER HAWKS) AND "RASPS" UNDER THE FEET.

birds. 'Sea Hawks' closes with scenes of their liberation on that little island in the Scottish loch where our story opens.' The descriptions of one or two of the above photographs may be amplified from the author's notes. Thus, in No. 1, the full list of articles from osprey nests is—"a piece of carved oak, manuscript, doll's head, broom, brush, seaweed, whalebone, cork mat, lady's slippers, chair legs, bottle straws, skeleton of No. 4 bird, shells, and sundry pieces of wood, cork, string, and bones." Of No. 4 we read: "During flight the fish is carried head-foremost, in order to reduce wind-resistance. Here the fish is being swung broadside on so that the bird can settle on both feet." With this attitude may be contrasted the position of the feet shown in No. 10, where the bird is seen putting one foot before the other in order to alight on a projecting stick at the side of the nest. Of No. 7 Captain Knight says: "Note the semi-circular talons, which (unlike those of other hawks) are identical, and the 'raps' on the underside of the feet, which help in preventing a fish, perhaps weighing 4 lb., from breaking away."



8. "A FISH STORY" APPROPRIATELY SELECTED BY AN OSPREY AS BUILDING MATERIAL: TORN PAGES OF A MAGAZINE FOUND IN A NEST OF THESE FISH-EATING BIRDS.



9. AN OSPREY'S EYRIE ON A ROCK AT SEA: A POSITION WHERE A SMALL NEST IS BUILT, AS THE WINTER SEAS WILL WASH IT AWAY.



10. AN OSPREY ALIGHTING ON A STICK (WITH FEET SET ONE BEFORE THE OTHER): AN INTERESTING "ACTION" PHOTOGRAPH OF A MALE BIRD RETURNING TO HIS FAMILY IN THE NEST.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

EASTER means different things to different people. For some it is a religious festival; for others a simple holiday. These latter should not forget, however, that holidays were originally "holy days," and that we owe to religion our periodical respites from toil. It was Disraeli, I think, who remarked to an eminent cleric, "No dogmas, no Deans, Mr. Dean!" Similarly, one might say of Sunday: "No knee-bending, no week-ending!" Here is one practical reason for supporting the Church, apart from questions of doctrine. Religion is the ozone of the people.

In Soviet Russia, apparently, an enlightened proletariat has been relieved of the burden of observing the seventh day. I get this fact from a book briefly mentioned a week or two ago, namely, "WOMAN UNDER FIRE": Six Months in the Red Army. A Woman's Diary and Experiences of Revolutionary Russia. Foreword by Reginald J. Dingle (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). "Sunday," says the author, "has ceased to be a day of rest." Of all the books I know describing Bolshevik Russia, this one seems to me the most intimately personal and sincere. The author was only nineteen when she began her diary. Although she comes of an aristocratic (not Russian) family, she was so far acceptable to the Bolsheviks as to be enrolled in "the Girls' Proletarian Battalion attached to the Iron Red Regiment" in Petrograd in 1918. The battalion was disbanded in the next year, and "Miss X" returned to the University as a lecturer, becoming a member of a faculty that included Maxim Gorki. In 1921 she was recommended by the authorities as interpreter to the American Relief Administration. "Brought up a member of the Church of England," we read in the Foreword, "after the experiences here described she was received into the Roman Catholic Church. The manner in which she left Russia cannot be described here."

Her diary, which forms Part I. of the book, covers her period of service in the Girls' Battalion, and is here transcribed from a private cipher in which she kept it from day to day. Her enrolment in the force was compulsory. "Choose which you like best," said a Soviet official to her; "Either serve a term of six months with us in our proletarian army, or go in for two years' forced labour." She chose the military service. The diary is a frank expression of anti-Bolshevik ideas as well as a vivid record of day-to-day detail and terrible things seen and suffered. Its discovery would probably have been fatal to its author. When writing it up, she was supposed to be studying Chinese, and there was a critical moment when a suspicious officer called in a Chinese to examine it, but he proved an unexpected ally, and did not give her away. "I owe my life to the English," he explained (in English, which the officer "did not understand"); "I am not likely to forget it."

The second part of her book, headed "Fruits of Revolution," contains discussions and impressions of more recent date on various phases of the Russian scene. One is a character-sketch—not unsympathetic—analysing the development of a typical "Apostle of Equality," from a ragged idealist of pre-Revolution days to an "immaculately tailored and well-fed" Commissar interviewing foreign business magnates and offering cigars and whisky in an "over-mahoganised" State office. The chapters on Communistic Childhood, Morality Problems, and Christ and the Soviet, describe the destruction of home life, the poisonous results of sex laxity, and appalling conditions of overcrowding in communal lodging-houses. Fresh evidence emerges concerning the persecution and mockery of the Church, with an allusion to "the Godless Youth Union centres . . . and their predilection for Christmas and Easter as the most appropriate seasons for staging their anti-religious performances." Matthew Arnold once deplored "the license of affirmation about God" by believers. Bolshevism is going to the opposite extreme—an equally unwarrantable license of negation.

If I wanted to pile on the agony about this painfully topical subject, I could easily do so from another little book called "THE RUSSIAN CRUCIFIXION": The Full Story of the Religious Persecution under Bolshevism. By F. A. Mackenzie (Jarrolds; 2s.). It seems doubtful whether the full story can be told in 140 pages, but, anyhow, they are full enough of horrors. The author has spent several years in Russia since 1921 as a newspaper correspondent. "On one occasion," he writes, "when visiting the Session of the Central Executive Committee . . . in the Kremlin, I chanced to be in the central line, with Lenin, Kamenev, Zinoviev, and other leaders, when the group was photographed. The picture was widely circulated, and hung in administrative offices throughout the country. It served me many a turn. More than once, when provincial officials hesitated to grant me some opportunity I desired, I glanced at the wall and modestly called their attention to the fact that I was in the historic group. 'You were

photographed with Vladimir Ilyitch (Lenin)!' All would then be well!"

It is refreshing to turn from thoughts of Easter as celebrated in Russia to books associated with travel and open-air life. The movement to preserve the beauties of rural England has developed, I believe, into an Amenities Bill, and motorists, as they go about the country at Easter, will be able to judge where such efforts are needed. An admirable presentment of the actual state of affairs, both on its good and bad side, is given in "THE FACE OF THE LAND." The Year Book of the Design and Industries Association, 1929-30. Edited by H. H. P. and N. L. C. With an Introduction by Clough Williams-Ellis, F.R.I.B.A. (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.). Numerous photographs contrast examples of unspoiled places and good building with various blots on the landscape, such as ugly boardings and posters, shanties, refuse-dumps, and mean architecture. This book should be in the hands of every individual or public body concerned with town-planning or road-making.

Kindred motives are expressed in a charming little volume of essays entitled "CALM WEATHER." By Gilbert Thomas (Chapman and Hall; 6s.). In one essay, "The Betrayal," he confesses how, during a journey to a much-loved corner of the Suffolk coast, he failed to exterminate or even to argue with a chance fellow-traveller who remarked: "What they really ought to do with this place is to turn it into a big naval dockyard." Again, in another essay—"When Spring Comes Back to England"—he writes: "Does not the destruction of the English countryside mean that there is something wrong at the heart of modern society, and that the only



A LANSLOWNE MARBLE BOUGHT FOR THE NY CARLSBERG GLYPOTHEK, COPENHAGEN: A LIFE-SIZE ANTIQUE REPLICA OF THE STATUE OF HERMES FROM THE VILLA NEGRONI.

The two marbles from the Lansdowne Collection which are illustrated on this page have been bought by the Ny Carlsberg Foundation for the Ny Carlsberg Glyptothek, at Copenhagen.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son, 5, 6, and 7, King Street, St. James's.

way of retaining a beauty worth having is to reform the heart? Fundamentally we are a rural and a seafaring race. . . . Our own poetry and religion . . . are peculiarly saturated with inspiration drawn from the incomparable beauty of our countryside—

With such dumb loving of the Berkshire loam
As breaks the dumb heart
of the English kind.

"For myself (Mr. Thomas continues), I believe that the rural impulse in our blood is only sleeping, and . . . that much of our modern restlessness is due to the fact that a large section of the population is working amid surroundings . . . alien to its inmost nature."

Motorists who have "discovered" England will like to compare notes with an eighteenth-century "horse-drawn" Londoner who started, on Aug. 12, 1780, for a driving tour to the Tweed and back, covering in all 1183 miles. A diary of this expedition forms the first part of a chatty and amusing little book entitled (not very happily, I think) "PLEASURE AND PAIN" (1780-1818). Edited by J. Bernard Baker. With a Portrait of the Author, Sir Thomas Bernard (Murray; 3s. 6d.). One item in the "Holiday Tour"—a visit to Borrowdale—provides an interesting comparison with scenes in Mr. Hugh Walpole's new novel, "Rogue Herries." The "Pain" section contains brief "Reminiscences of a Philanthropist," wherein Sir Thomas relates his "welfare work" in later life, including that for the Foundling Hospital and the

Royal Institution. These

two slight fragments of autobiography, by a man of so much benevolence and humour, were well worth rescuing from oblivion.

Country life and nature study in the West of England is represented in a book that is equally alluring in its literary or pictorial capacity, namely, "WILD EXMOOR" Through the Year. By E. W. Hendy. Illustrated from Drawings by A. Carruthers Gould, R.B.A., R.W.A. (Cape; 10s. 6d.). While urging bird-protection to save our rarer species, the author supports stag-hunting as the only means of preserving the red deer from extinction. There is an interesting chapter on Exmoor superstitions, and the drawings, presumably by a relative of "F. C. G." of the old *Westminster Gazette*, are singularly attractive.

Mention of stag-hunting leads me to a work on cognate pursuits called "LETTERS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN," on Hunting, Angling, and Shooting. By Lieut.-Colonel J. MacKillop, Horace G. Hutchinson, and Major Kenneth Dawson. Illustrated by Lionel Edwards (*Country Life*, Ltd.; 12s. 6d.). This volume, written in a colloquial vein, is instructive without being at all dull, and the drawings by Mr. Lionel Edwards, whose work is familiar to our readers, are ideal for their purpose.

Although only the hardier sort of Easter holiday-makers do much bathing, they will doubtless derive benefit later on from the practical instruction contained in "SWIMMING AND PLAIN DIVING." By Ann Avery Smith, B.S. Director of Swimming Department of Physical Education for Women, University of Illinois. Illustrated (Scribner; 7s. 6d.). The illustrations are all of women swimmers, but the text applies equally to men.

I come now to a small group of books which indicate that any little unpleasantness occasioned by certain events some fifteen years ago does not now deter Britons from making holiday beyond the Rhine. One that will appeal to motor-boating enthusiasts, and will probably create many others, is "THE 'ANNIE MARBLE' IN GERMANY." By C. S. Forester. With 39 illustrations and two Maps (Lane; 8s. 6d.). It is a very entertaining account of a tour up the Elbe and Havel and various canals, and back by the Mecklenburg Lakes. The experiences of the author and his wife are recounted with infinite humour, as in his previous work which described similar adventures in France.

Humour is also a strong point with the author of "GERMANY." By Gerald Bullett. With a Chapter on German Tourism and Mountaineering by Anthony Bertram. Illustrated by E. T. and E. Harrison Compton (Black; 7s. 6d.). The principal feature of this volume, however, is the charm of its many colour-plates. Beautiful illustrations (here photographic) likewise enhance the interest of "A WAYFARER ON THE RHINE." By Malcolm Letts. With nine Maps (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). The author deals with the Rhine between Cologne and Mainz, "which is as much," he says, "as the average holiday-maker from England can expect to see"; but he includes some other places easily accessible from that district. Yet another readable and well-illustrated book of German travel is "THE BLACK FOREST." Its People, History, and Traditions. By Christopher Marlowe. With twenty-eight illustrations and Sketch-Map (Lane; 8s. 6d.). The author mentions that the best way to explore the Black Forest is on a bicycle, and that "the road is nearly always deserted." It seems too good to be true!

There are, of course, other countries in Europe besides Germany to lure our holiday footsteps. One of them is described—not, perhaps, for the first time—in "SWITZERLAND." Western and Southern. Neuchâtel and Geneva to Ticino. By Paul Guiton. Illustrated (Medici Society; 7s. 6d.). This book, again, has a lavish accompaniment of photographs, exquisitely reproduced. Yet another Continental country, within range of lucky folks for whom Easter holidays mean three weeks instead of three days, has its attractions well set forth by pen and camera in "SPAIN." A Companion to Spanish Travel. By E. Allison Peers. Professor of Spanish in the University of Liverpool. Illustrated (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). Though it belongs to the Kitbag Travel Books, it will go easily into something smaller, such as a pocket. There is a coloured frontispiece by Wynne Apperley, R.I., who descends, I think, from that famous sporting writer known as "Nimrod."

C. E. B.



BOUGHT FOR COPENHAGEN: AN ATTIC RELIEF OF ATHENE NIKE.

This fine relief, which measures 29 inches by 17½, is a Greek work of the fifth or fourth century B.C. It was shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club Exhibition of Ancient Greek Art in 1904.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Son, 5, 6, and 7, King Street, St. James's.

A POWELL DUFFRYN COLLIERY OVERWHELMED BY A MOUNTAIN.



AFTER THE MENACE HAD MATERIALISED: AT THE POWELL DUFFRYN COMPANY'S NEW TREDEGAR COLLIERY, AFTER THE LANDSLIDE; SHOWING THE DEMOLISHED WINDING-HOUSE AND SHEDS.

THE LANDSLIDE WHICH DID HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF POUNDS' WORTH OF DAMAGE TO THE POWELL DUFFRYN COLLIERY AT NEW TREDEGAR: ROCK AND EARTH BLOCKING THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY BRANCH LINE, JUST AS THEY BLOCKED THE MAIN ROAD TO ABERTYSSWG.



At 2 a.m. on the morning of April 12, the threatened great mountain landslide at New Tredegar, Monmouthshire, materialised, wrecked the Powell Duffryn Colliery there, and blocked both the Great Western Railway branch line and the main road to Abertysswg. As the "Times" pointed out the other day, this colliery was closed recently for the ostensible reason that its working had become unremunerative, but, continued the correspondent of that paper, there is no doubt that the decision was largely influenced by the increasing menace

to the colliery of the moving mountain overlooking it. "The colliery is irretrievably doomed, and, although estimates of the damage are difficult and naturally vary, there is no doubt that it amounts to hundreds of thousands of pounds, for, in addition to the buildings and pithead gear destroyed, all the underground plant will have to be sacrificed." No loss of life occurred. The mountain has been a danger for many years, and a good deal of damage was done by a landslide twenty-five years ago.

THE LOCUST AS A PLAGUE: TWO TYPES OF THE INSECT; AND A "MOUNTAIN" OF LOCUST EGGS.



1. CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF DEPOSITING HER EGGS BY HER OVIPOSITOR (SUNK VERTICALLY IN THE GROUND): A LARGE FEMALE "SAGA" LOCUST—A WINGLESS SPECIES FROM TRANSCAUCASIA.



2. WAR ON LOCUSTS IN MOROCCO: A NATIVE LABOURER SHOVELLING LOCUST EGG-SHELLS, WHILE OTHERS COLLECT THEM IN MEASURES BEFORE THROWING THEM TO BE CRUSHED BENEATH MEN'S FEET.



4. A FEARSOME HORSE-LIKE LOCUST: DETAIL OF THE HEAD, THE NECK, AND FORELEGS OF ONE OF THE "SAGA" SPECIES FOUND IN TRANSCAUCASIA (A PHOTOGRAPH CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED).



3. A VERITABLE MOUNTAIN OF LOCUST EGGS AND EGG-SHELLS (SHAPED LIKE EARS OF CORN AND EACH CONTAINING EIGHTY EGGS); AND A DOUBLE DECALITRE FULL.



5. THE SPECIES OF LOCUST FOUND IN MOROCCO, AND RESPONSIBLE FOR THE "MOUNTAIN" OF EGGS ILLUSTRATED IN FIGS. 2 AND 3 ON THIS PAGE: THREE FULL-GROWN SPECIMENS (SLIGHTLY REDUCED).

In our issue of March 29 we gave an illustrated article describing the warfare against locusts, by means of flame-guns, in the Sinai Desert, to prevent an invasion of these insects menacing Egypt and Palestine. The danger has since become more serious, threatening, it was reported recently, one of the greatest plagues of locusts in Egyptian history. Huge swarms were said to be advancing both from the east and south. The Egyptian Government voted £50,000 for defence measures, and, in the emergency, reinstituted the *corvée*, or forced labour system. Equally drastic steps were taken in Transjordan, where 75,000 men have

worked day and night to check the swarms. Hundreds of acres of cultivation have already been devastated. On April 8 it was stated that locusts had invaded the Suez Canal zone, and later some were reported over Cairo. Although 1500 tons of the insects had been destroyed and 200 tons of eggs collected, still stronger measures were needed. Our photographs illustrate two distinct species of locust. Figs. 2, 3, and 5 show a Moroccan type. The large species seen in Figs. 1 and 4 (taken near Erivan) is known as the Saga locust. The wings have dwindled to mere vestiges, seen in Fig. 1 as four slight ridges behind the pro-thorax.

PRESENTER OF THE BUDGET ON APRIL 14: LABOUR'S CHANCELLOR.



THE OFFICIAL GUARDIAN OF THE NATION'S PURSE: THE RIGHT. HON. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., P.C.,
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO HAS JUST PRODUCED HIS NEW BUDGET.

Mr. Philip Snowden is the man of the hour in politics by virtue of his new Budget, which has aroused not less comment and discussion than is usual on such occasions. He has been Chancellor of the Exchequer in both the Labour Governments—that of 1924 and the present one. Since 1922 he has sat for the Colne Valley Division of Yorkshire. Previously he represented Blackburn (1906-1918). His reputation as keeper of the nation's purse was much increased by his firm stand in the matter of Reparations at the Hague Conference last year. The word "budget," by the way, originally meant something like a purse

or wallet. The Century Dictionary defines it, in that sense, as "a small bag or sack; a pouch or portable depository for miscellaneous articles," and, specifically, as "a pocket used by tilers to hold nails." Autolycus—that other "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles!"—sings (in "The Winter's Tale")—"If tinkers may have leave to live, | And bear the sow-skin budget, | Then my account I well may give, | And in the stocks avouch it." The word occurs also in a couplet of Swift's, which no one, however, will associate with Mr. Snowden:—"His budget with corruptions cramm'd, | The contributions of the damn'd."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING BEES, AND EGYPTIAN BEE-KEEPING—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THOUGH for many days gloomy skies have shut out the light of the kindly sun, I know that in a little while the joy of living under a cloudless sky will be mine again. Meanwhile, I am turning over in my mind what to do with those first fine days. For those of us who delight in contemplating the pageant of life know well that there are some figures in that pageant for which a sharp look-out must be kept, since they appear in the field for a few days only, at most. It matters not whether we have the good fortune to see the first wheatear or the first swallow, for they will be with us for many months. But I am thinking now of the insect-world, and more especially of bees and wasps, of which there are some hundreds of species native to our soil, and they are by no means easy to distinguish. For most people there is but one wasp, that black-and-yellow Jezebel who thrusts herself uninvited into all our picnic-parties, and even invades our dining-rooms in search of jam and other sweetmeats.

Those who are not skilled entomologists would find it difficult to distinguish some wasps from some bees; and the readiest hard-and-fast means of discriminating between them is by no means easy to come at. For this can only be done by a scrutiny of their nurseries. Bees always rear their young on honey and pollen; wasps on the bodies of flies, beetles, and spiders, though the adults are largely vegetarians. There are two kinds of bees which are specially to

Though harmless enough, these poor little *Andrenas* have to run the gauntlet of two inveterate enemies: one of these is a "cuckoo-bee," so-called because it foists its young upon other bees—and of these "cuckoos" I hope to have something to say on another occasion, for there

"Creatures which," according to Shakespeare, "by a rule of Nature teach the Art of Government to a peopled kingdom." Heaven forbid! I had almost as lief live in Soviet Russia. A beehive represents feminism run mad: a colony of viragos, who round off every summer with an orgy of murder, every male being viciously slain; who keep their queen, save for the brief space during her nuptial flight, a close prisoner for the rest of her life, immured in a dark cell. More spacious than the rest it may be, but this consideration is not for her greater comfort or in recognition of her rank, but merely that she may efficiently perform the functions required of her! Disagreeable and dour as their standard of life may be, I am glad to profit by their labours! The love of honey seems to be universal among the human race; and the art of bee-keeping is one of immense antiquity.

Our old-fashioned beehives, like our old thatched cottages, had a charm of their own. The modernised beehive, like the modern cottage, is hideous, if more "efficient." And ugliness and efficiency commonly, though quite unnecessarily, go together. But my friend Mr. J. E. Mellor has just sent me a memoir he has written and photographs of the methods of bee-keeping which prevail in Egypt and Palestine. They differ scarcely a hair's breadth from the methods of the Ancient Egyptians, 4000 years ago! As shown in Fig. 2, a long mat of reeds is made, and its inner surface smeared with mud,



FIG. 1. ANCIENT EGYPTIANS USING METHODS STILL PRACTISED TO-DAY: BEE-KEEPERS OF 2600 B.C. This bas-relief from the Temple of Ne-user-re, at Abousir, shows that the method of bee-keeping in Egypt and Palestine to-day differs in no wise from that of the days of the Pharaohs.

Photographs by J. E. Mellor, M.A., Senior Entomologist to the Ministry of Agriculture, Egypt. By Courtesy of the Ministry.

are many species, preying on different hosts—the other is the still more reprehensible "Stylops." It is because I am anxious to secure specimens of *Stylops* that I am so anxious to find *Andrenas* this year before it is too late in the season.

This fiendish little insect batters on the body of its host, and produces strange derangements. Though by some authorities regarded as an aberrant beetle, by others *Stylops* is held to represent a distinct order of insects. Be this as it may, its ways are evil. Owing to its small size, great difficulties have faced those who have attempted to piece together its life-history. But it would seem that at the last larval stage the parasite escapes from its host and secretes itself within the petals of a flower, and here lies in wait for an unsuspecting *Andrena* coming for a draught of nectar. By the aid of a pair of spring-like projections from the hinder end of the body it leaps out on the bee and holds on till it is carried into the nest, where it swiftly seeks out the helpless young of the bee, forcing a way into its body and feeding on its juices. As it approaches maturity, it thrusts out the forepart of the body between the body rings of the bee. The males, about 1.5 mm. in length, are winged, and make their escape into the open, to seek the females which remain embedded within their victim's body. The fertilised eggs soon develop, and the larvæ may, in due course, escape, as I have said, to hide in a flower-head, or within the nest.

Andrenas thus "Styloped," as it is called, undergo material changes. Males fail to develop their usual masculine characters, while females have the pollen-brushes diminished in size. But much seems to depend on the number of the parasites—generally there is but one; they may be as many as five!—and the position in the body of the host they occupy. Some *Andrenas* have been taken apparently none the worse for this infliction; others can fly no more than a yard or two. No fewer than 170 species of these dreadful parasites are known, of which two are British. They do not by any means confine their visitations to *Andrenas*, but these poor bees seem to be their favourite

Mellor has just sent me a memoir he has written and photographs of the methods of bee-keeping which prevail in Egypt and Palestine. They differ scarcely a hair's breadth from the methods of the Ancient Egyptians, 4000 years ago! As shown in Fig. 2, a long mat of reeds is made, and its inner surface smeared with mud,



FIG. 2. MODERN EGYPTIAN BEE-KEEPING: A REED-MAT PIPE-HIVE IN THE MAKING.

The inner surface has been covered with a layer of mud and cow-dung mixed with chaff to form a "binding," and its edges are now being brought together to form the tube.

be looked for on the first sunny day. They are the "*Andrenas*," of which one of the commonest is the little lawn-bee (*Andrena fulva*); and the other is *Anthophora pilipes*, which drives its tunnels into sandbanks. Those who live in the country may already have seen both, sipping nectar from crocuses and sallow during the sunny days we have already had, but April and May are the months when they may be seen in greatest numbers—provided the day be sunny.

There are many species of *Andrena*, but that known as the lawn-bee (*A. fulva*) is perhaps the best known. It is rather like a small, reddish humble-bee, and makes its burrows in lawns and garden-paths, tunnelling down from six to as much as twelve inches, and forming side-galleries to the main shaft. This work is done by the female. In each chamber she forms a cell, fills this with honey and pollen, and thereon lays an egg. The cell is then sealed, and the larva is left to its fate. By midsummer it is full-fed, and then becomes a resting pupa, remaining in its nursery till the following spring. Another species (*A. argentata*) is extremely common on the heaths of Surrey and Hampshire, where they may be seen in hundreds gathering nectar from the heather.



FIG. 3. ON A MODERN EGYPTIAN BEE-FARM, WITH METHODS SIMILAR TO THOSE OF 4000 YEARS AGO: A TYPICAL STACK OF PIPE-HIVES IN POSITION.

Containing its full load of honeycomb, the stack is being broken down. The surface of the stack, when completed, had been faced with mud. Compare the ancient stack (of 2600 B.C.) in Fig. 1.

mixed with chaff as a "binding" material. After four hours, the edges of the mat are brought together and held with string to form a tube, the ends of which are then sealed with a mixture of mud and cow-dung, one end being pierced by a small hole to serve as an entrance and exit for the bees. These tubes are then piled on one another to form a great bank, as shown in Fig. 3, where one of these banks is being broken up to obtain the honeycomb. In Fig. 4 this comb is seen filling the tube.

Now precisely this method of bee-keeping was practised by the Ancient Egyptians, as shown in Fig. 1, which represents a tracing of part of a bas-relief from the temple of Ne-user-re at Abousir, 2600 B.C.! On the extreme left is a man kneeling at a stack of mud pipe-hives and extracting a comb, whilst other men are pressing combs into a jar. On the extreme right are jars being sealed and placed on shelves when the process is completed! I should like to quote at length from Mr. Mellor's account of his investigations into this subject, but this is impossible within the limits of space at my disposal.

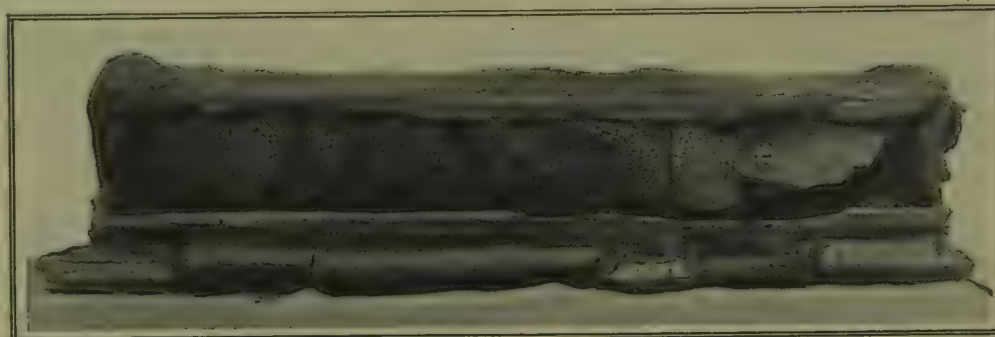


FIG. 4. SHOWING HONEYCOMB WITHIN: THE REED-PIPE OF A MODERN EGYPTIAN BEEHIVE OPENED. On breaking open one side of these pipes, the comb is exposed, and can readily be detached.

victims. The annals of Nature's criminals make gruesome reading, yet among these *Stylops* is by no means one of the worst! Nevertheless, these annals are instructive, and, in a way, interesting. And now let me turn to the somewhat less dismal theme of the honey-bees,



THE MONASTERY OF MOLDOVITZA, BUILT IN 1532 BY PETER RARESH: ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE RELIGIOUS FOUNDATIONS IN LITTLE-KNOWN BUKOVINA (A PROVINCE OF NORTHERN RUMANIA), WITH ITS PAINTED CHURCH OF THE MARTYRS, OF WHOM THERE IS ONE FOR EACH DAY IN THE YEAR.



THE MONASTERY OF SUAVITZA: PART OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FOUNDATION ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR ON PAGES II AND III—A PAINTED CHURCH.

Princess Marthe Bibesco, the well-known writer, has lately visited Bukovina and recorded impressions of that little-known land and its art. She speaks of it as "valleys where are hidden the only spots of unexplored beauty in Europe: the



BRIGHT AS A MISSAL, AFTER 300 YEARS, THOUGH PROTECTED ONLY BY WIDE EAVES: SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PAINTINGS ON THE CHURCH AT VORONETZ, BUILT IN 1488.

valleys where are hidden the only spots of unexplored beauty in Europe: the painted churches of Stephen the Great. On the exterior of Voronetz Church is a painting which represents the tree of Jesse. Moldovitz is the Church of the Martyrs, one for each day of the year. On the north wall is represented the fall of Constantinople.

WATER-COLOURS BY GEORGES SCOTT.



WHERE PLATO AND ARISTOTLE, WITH OTHER GREEK PHILOSOPHERS, FIGURE AMONG THE BLESSED: WONDERFUL EXTERIOR WALL-PAINTINGS (PROTECTED BY WIDE EAVES) ON THE MONASTERY CHURCH OF SUAVITZA IN BUKOVINA, BUILT BY EREMIC MOVILA, IN 1582.

The wonderful painted churches in the ancient monasteries of Bukovina, a small province in northern Rumania, are among the attractions of a little-known district. As noted on page I, where another part of the monastery of Suavitza, with others, is also illustrated in colour, these valleys have been described by the well-known Rumanian writer, Princess Marthe Bibesco, as "the only spots of unexplored beauty in Europe." Some of the earlier monasteries were built

by Stephen the Great, of Moldavia, in the fifteenth century. That of Suavitza dates from 1582. "At Suavitza (writes the Princess) we were delighted to find on the exterior wall of the vault a procession of Greek philosophers, placed among the blessed. Plato and Aristotle wear golden crowns like that of Stephen, except that there is a naked child in the middle of Plato's crown. There is also a bevy of beautiful angels in red robes."—[WATER-COLOUR BY GEORGES SCOTT.]



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for the good
things of life
invariably
calls for
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CRAVEN "A"

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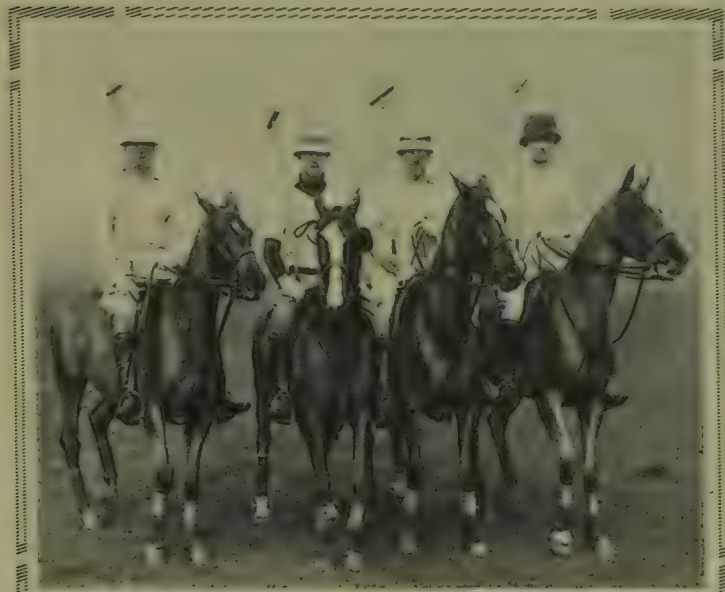
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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE PROVISIONAL BRITISH TEAM CHOSEN TO PLAY THE UNITED STATES IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO WIN BACK THE WESTCHESTER POLO CUP: (L. TO R.) MAJOR G. H. PHIPPS HORNBY; CAPT. C. T. I. ROARK; CAPT. C. TREMAYNE; MR. H. P. GUINNESS. The team here photographed is the one likely to represent this country in the United States when our attempt to win back the Westchester Cup is made at Meadow Brook in the autumn. It has begun training. The Captain himself will choose the side after trial matches.



THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN AND MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET: A NEW GROUP.

The King is seen in the centre; with his Foreign Minister and his Prime Minister on his left hand. In connection with this group, it is interesting to note that, in February, his Majesty Nadir Khan decided that he would form an Advisory Government Council of twenty-five members elected by tribesmen from constituencies then being formed, and also determined that a vote should be given to all Afghans over twenty years of age.



REAR-ADMIRAL BYRD'S RETURN FROM THE ANTARCTIC: THE "CITY OF NEW YORK" AT DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

Rear-Admiral Byrd, with his ships the "City of New York" and the "Eleanor Bolling," arrived at Dunedin on March 10, at the end of his aerial exploration expedition to the Antarctic. He said that he had given the name Marie Byrd Land to the newly discovered territory in the East Ross Dependency, but added that he considered it as belonging to the world, not as American territory. At all events, he personally had no concern with the claiming of the land.



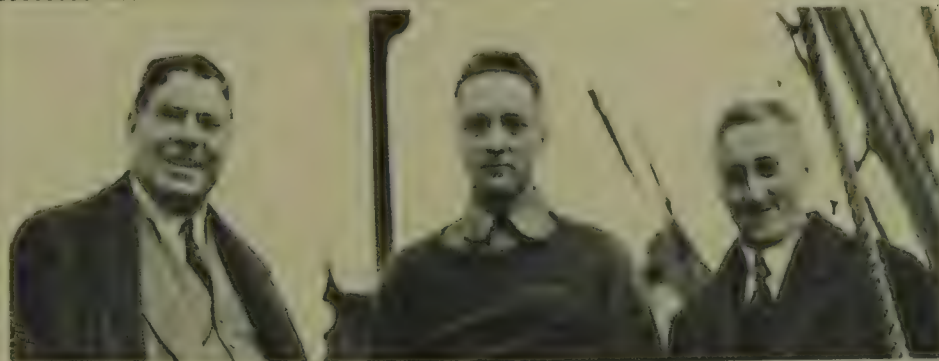
THE NAVAL CONFERENCE: THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH DELEGATES PHOTOGRAPHED WITH MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, THE FIRST LORD, AND THE MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

In the front row (from left to right) are Mr. A. V. Alexander (First Lord of the Admiralty); Mr. Arthur Henderson (Foreign Affairs); the Prime Minister; Mr. W. Wedgwood Benn (India); and Mr. J. L. Ralston (Minister for National Defence, Canada). Standing are (left to right) Mr. Philippe Roy (Canadian Comm. in France); Mr. J. E. Fenton (Minister for Trade and Customs, Australia); Mr. C. te Water (High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa in London); Mr. T. M. Wilford (High Commissioner for New Zealand in London); Professor T. A. Smiddy (High Commissioner for the Irish Free State in London); Sir Atul Chatterjee (High Commissioner for India in London); and Sir Maurice Hankey (Sec.-Gen., London Naval Conference).



THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD'S ATTEMPT TO FLY FROM ENGLAND TO CAPE TOWN AND BACK: HER GRACE AT LYMENE AERODROME, WITH CAPTAIN C. D. BARNARD (PILOT) AND MR. ROBERT LITTLE (SECOND PILOT).

The Duchess of Bedford, who is sixty-four, left Lympne on April 10 on an attempt to fly to Cape Town and back. Last year, she flew to India and back in 7½ days. She is taking over the controls on occasion. The anticipated times are: outward flight, 10 days; return flight, 9.



ON HIS RETURN TO NEW ZEALAND, HIS BASE: REAR-ADMIRAL BYRD (CENTRE) WELCOMED BY MR. H. L. TAPLEY, THE WELL-KNOWN NEW ZEALAND SHIP-OWNER (LEFT), AND MR. JAMES DUNCAN, OF THE OTAGO HARBOUR BOARD.



CAPT. E. SYCAMORE.

The skipper of "Shamrock II," and "Shamrock IV." Died on April 9, aged seventy-four. The most famous racing skipper of his day. He skippered "Shamrock IV," until last season, when he met with an accident.

LORD DEWAR.

Died on April 11, aged sixty-six. Famous as a business man, a sportsman, and an after-dinner speaker. With his brother, the late Lord Forteviot, developed the family whisky-distilling enterprise into a great firm.

SIR PERCY BATES, BT. G.B.E.

Elected Chairman of the Cunard Steam Ship Company, in succession to Sir Thomas Royden, who has retired. Formerly, Deputy Chairman. Fourth Baronet. Head of Edward Bates and Sons.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE MOVING SPIRIT OF SEDITION IN INDIA: "MAHATMA" GANDHI (MARKED WITH A CROSS) WITH HIS VOLUNTEERS DURING HIS RECENT CROSS-COUNTRY MARCH. Although "Mahatma" Gandhi was allowed to complete his march from Ahmedabad to the sea-coast at Dandi unmolested, many of his adherents, including two of his own sons, were arrested at various places. In a message of April 13 from Bombay, a "Times" correspondent stated: "'National Week' ended officially to-day with final demonstrations of *Satyagraha* ('passive resistance') both in this city and elsewhere. The camp on the barren beach of Dandi is breaking up, and the volunteers are going out to spread Mr. Gandhi's gospel among his credulous followers in other parts of India. . . . During the past few days I have seen how Mr. Gandhi's mere presence infects with his own enthusiasm not only his volunteers, but, what is far more important and more dangerous, the villagers themselves."

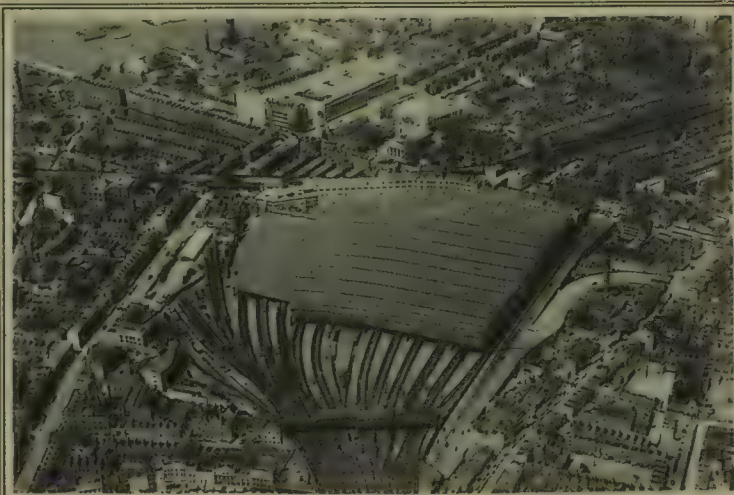


A TERRIBLE DISASTER PREVENTED: THE WRECK OF THE 'S.S. "ST. SUNNIVA," A PASSENGER BOAT, ON THE ROCKS OF SHETLAND.

During a thick fog early on April 10, the mail and passenger steamer "St. Sunniva" crashed on rocks on the island of Mousa, off the Shetland coast. Disaster seemed imminent. Eventually, however, all the passengers (about thirty) and the crew were safely taken off. Three vessels came to the rescue—the Aberdeen liner "Fort James" (with a life-saving company on board), the fishery cruiser "Vaila," and the S.S. "Earl of Zetland."

WHERE IT WAS SUGGESTED A ROOF AERODROME MIGHT BE CONSTRUCTED: WATERLOO STATION AND ITS PRESENT ROOF SEEN FROM THE AIR.

During recent discussions of the new Charing Cross bridge scheme, it was reported that the Air Ministry had approached the Southern Railway with plans for utilising the flat roof of the proposed new station at Waterloo for the purpose of an aerodrome. Plans were prepared, it is said, for raising the roof on piers, but the scheme at this stage was rejected, partly on the ground of cost—about £6,000,000.



A NEARER VIEW OF "MAHATMA" GANDHI (IN CENTRE, WEARING SPECTACLES): THE LEADER OF THE "CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE" CAMPAIGN IN INDIA.

resistance') both in this city and elsewhere. The camp on the barren beach of Dandi is breaking up, and the volunteers are going out to spread Mr. Gandhi's gospel among his credulous followers in other parts of India. . . . During the past few days I have seen how Mr. Gandhi's mere presence infects with his own enthusiasm not only his volunteers, but, what is far more important and more dangerous, the villagers themselves."



THE KING'S FIRST RIDE SINCE HIS ILLNESS: A GLIMPSE OF HIS MAJESTY THROUGH THE RAILINGS OF WINDSOR PARK.

A welcome sign of the great improvement in the King's health was the fact that, a few days ago, he was able to go out on horseback in the grounds of Windsor Castle, for the first time since his illness. After the guard-mounting in the Grand Quadrangle of the Castle, his Majesty rode out into the park towards Frogmore, and remained out for about an hour.



YPRES CATHEDRAL REBUILT AND REOPENED FOR WORSHIP: HIGH MASS BEING CELEBRATED ON PALM SUNDAY.

The rebuilding of Ypres Cathedral, destroyed during the war, was recently completed, as noted under the photographs given on page 693. Later reports (since that page went to press) state that the official consecration of the new building will not take place till next month, but meanwhile it was reopened informally on Palm Sunday, when High Mass was celebrated.



EGYPT'S ALLEGED "RANSOM" FOR THE RETURN OF THE NEFERTITI BUST FROM BERLIN: PORTRAIT STATUES.

Recent report—not officially confirmed at the moment of writing—stated that the authorities of the Cairo Museum had offered to the Berlin Museum, in exchange for the return of the celebrated painted bust of Queen Nefertiti, the two statues shown in the left-hand illustration above. One is a portrait statue of Sakhara, and is said to date from the 5th Dynasty, which is of painted limestone and about 6 ft. high, was excavated at Sakhara, and is said to date from the 5th Dynasty. The other is a cross-legged figure, rather over 4 ft. high, representing Amenophis (or Amenhotep), of the 18th Dynasty.



TO BE EXCHANGED FOR STATUES IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH: THE NEFERTITI BUST IN BERLIN.

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CROCODILES ON THE RIVIERA FOR THEIR HEALTH: ODD "TOURISTS."



GETTING ACCLIMATISED: CROCODILES AT NICE BEFORE TRAVELLING TO VARIOUS PARTS OF CENTRAL EUROPE.



A FEW OF THE THOUSAND QUEER VISITORS TO NICE! CROCODILES BECOMING INURED TO EUROPEAN CONDITIONS BEFORE BEING DISTRIBUTED.

The very unusual photographs reproduced on this page were taken at Nice, and they show some of the thousand-odd crocodiles which are enjoying a very pleasant

captivity at that place at the moment; so that they may become acclimatised before being despatched to various capitals and other centres in Central Europe.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

It would be invidious, even if it were possible, to assign an order of merit to the novels of the month; but if the attempt were made, historical fiction would be sure of an honourable place. That the reading public grows increasingly interested in the Past, the modern vogue for biography amply demonstrates. The historical novelist has to contend with a brilliant school of imaginative biographers whose matter and even whose manner trenches upon his own. Neither class of writer seeks to keep the past at arm's length. On the contrary, they strive to bring it near, to project the reader into it, and make it immediate and vivid to all his senses. The biographer is intent on making fact seem like fiction; the novelist on making fiction seem like fact; and the results of their efforts are sometimes almost indistinguishable.

Mr. Thornton Wilder's "The Woman of Andros" is brief; its mood is classical; its effects are obtained by economy of treatment. One of the Greek islands is the scene; the time is the sunset of Greek Civilisation. The heroine, Chrysis, a courtesan, a blue-stock whose wit enchants the minds of her adorers no less than her beauty enslaves their senses, believes that she has experienced all that the world has to offer except, perhaps, love: and love her position does not entitle her to expect. But she feels a tenderness for Pamphilus, the shyest and most backward of her admirers, and half-hopes it is returned. But she is cruelly disappointed. Death is the only way out for her, and for the author; but whereas she abandons the stage gracefully, he is obliged to append a rather lame, though beautifully written, last act, in which the straggling ends are gathered together. But it is an anti-climax, the one serious flaw in a moving and beautiful work of art.

Miss Phoebe Fenwick Gaye's full-length portrait of Sir John Falstaff is less successful than "The Woman of Andros," and less successful than her own "Vivandière!" It deserves praise for its reconstruction of fourteenth-century English life and manners, though even this shows occasionally the technique of the history text-book. "To understand the Peasants' Revolt, we must know something of the circumstances which caused it... the laws of a country, however good, require adjusting from time to time." But Falstaff is a shadowy and partial portrait, neither witty himself nor a cause of wit in other men.

Among modern but not less romantic stories one naturally notices Mr. Locke's new book, "The Town of Tombarel." In it Mr. Locke is very like himself—but not, unfortunately, very like himself at his best. We find the familiar series of adventures, half-humorous and wholly sentimental, held together by the familiar figure of an urbane and charitable Frenchman, the familiar atmosphere of gentle vagabondage and innocent Bohemianism, and mild whimsicality, of Provençal song and sunburnt mirth, of French ejaculations and English morals. But the spirit and gaiety which enlivened "The Adventures of Aristide Pujol" and "The Beloved Vagabond" have evaporated: the laughter is a little mechanical, the plots a little commonplace, and the sentiment, never substantial, is now thinner than the paper on which it is printed.

"The Town of Tombarel" is like a book written by an imitator rather than the master himself.

Mr. Powys also explores familiar ground—the district of Modder and Dodder. But in "Kindness in a Corner" his tone is more genial and sanguine than usual; he gives rein to his comic spirit—a spirit that likes to haunt churchyards with Mr. Truggin, the sexton, but can also

raise a joke at the expense of an inquisitive Archdeacon and an oblivious Bishop. Mr. Powys's hero, the Reverend Silas Dottery, is a saint; and though Mr. Powys's conception of sanctity is one peculiar to himself, and nearly allied to feeble-mindedness, it is pleasant to come across it, even in a corner.

Not even the genius of Anatole France could make the

world; but she does not need it; her life is her vindication. "The Miracle of Peille" is an exquisite little story, instinct with beauty and the sense of permanence.

"The Seventh Gate" is that curious paradox—a psycho-analytical romance. Miss Harris has based her book on the thesis that the sexual instinct, when "sublimated," can be used as a dynamo to work the human machine; and that the energy so released can "force the evolution of several thousand years to take place in a single life-time." Catherine Troon, a thwarted, discontented, middle-aged woman, learns the theory from a professor of anthropology, and later (following a blow on the head) in her own person demonstrates its truth to the world at large. In a brief space of time she becomes a great singer; but the gift, like so many gifts of the gods, carries with it its own penalty. The book is original and entertaining, not so much in its scientific aspect as in its character-drawing and its scenes of Parisian life; Miss Harris has an excellent ear for dialogue; what she lacks, I think, is that capacity for going vigorously ahead which her heroine obtained by tumbling over the dog. Would that we could all find so easy a path to inspiration!

Several of the stories in "The Rosicrucian" are studies in the supernatural; but, though they have moments of horror, they are less successful than the slighter pieces, in which Mr. Temple Thurston ingeniously exploits the ironical situations in which freaks of circumstance or temperament involve the most ordinary human beings.

It may come as a relief to the reader that our list contains only two war-novels, and of these only "Journey's End" is directly connected with the battle-field. Mr. Sherriff and Mr. Bartlett spare us many of its horrors. Their object is to reproduce the spiritual drama that animates the play, and, knowing that an accumulation of corpses does nothing to help Art, they have wisely reduced them to a minimum.

The characters stand out firmly and clearly; perhaps Stanhope is less sympathetic in the book than in the play, for we are given an account of the boyhood he shared with Raleigh, and realise that the fits of moodiness and temper he displayed in the front line were not merely the result of war strain, but were deeply rooted in his nature. "Occupied Territory" is a less painful book, though it is sad enough. Miss Ritchie shows us a group of English officers and their families quartered in Germany near Cologne; they have nothing to

do: they are suspended, as it were, between war and peace, and neither to look backwards nor forwards can give them much comfort. According to their temperaments they make love, or fall in love—the two things are not the same, as the heroine finds to her cost. This is a very well-written story, perhaps too slight for its length.

We come to "shockers"—detective stories. "The Man in the Red Hat" is rich in incident, impersonation, and improbability. There is plenty of movement, but the events are devised rather to excite the imagination than to lead the mind, step by step, towards a solution. In "Clues of the Caribbees" Mr. Stribling shows us how an American professor of psychology became an amateur detective in the South Seas. The Professor is a very likable man, and all his cases (with the possible exception of the last) make excellent reading. But Mr. Selwyn Jepson's "I Met Murder" is the best of the bunch. It is a story of real distinction, both in the writing and in the handling of the theme.



MR. T. F. POWYS,
Author of "Kindness in a Corner."



MR. THORNTON WILDER,
Author of "The Woman of Andros."

retelling of a mediæval legend anything but a hazardous undertaking. Art, however sympathetic, cannot be a substitute for belief. And if the story of a mediæval saint seems an anachronism, how much more unreal must appear the story of a modern saint! But Mr. J. L. Campbell, not at all discouraged, has faced the problem of Thérèse Ursule, the



MR. SELWYN JEPSON,
Author of "I Met Murder."



MISS PHOEBE FENWICK GAYE,
Author of "Good Sir John."

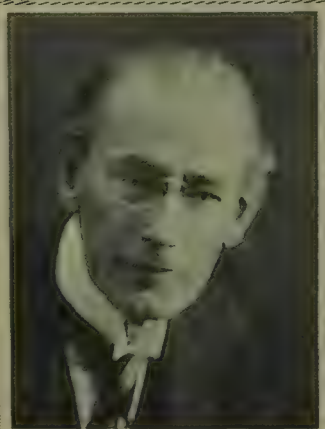


MR. J. L. CAMPBELL,
Author of "The Miracle of Peille."

wonder-working cripple of the village of Peille, near Monte Carlo, and solved it in a way that will give equal satisfaction to the believer and the sceptic. He does not solve the problem by running away from it. It would have been easy to portray Peille as a survival of the Middle Ages, untouched by the hand of time, as likely a place for miracles to occur in as mediæval Canterbury or Compostella. And in fact he does describe it as a haunt of superstition and intolerance, where Thérèse's mother could be hounded to death by ignorant villagers, and her father perish on a false charge of murder. But, like a good conjurer, he disdains to perform his feats in the dark, at the back of the stage. He takes his heroine to New York, and confronts her with modernity in its most glaring phase. He makes her look ridiculous and pitiful in the eyes of multi-millionaires. He brings her back to her native village discredited, a girl who had received the stigmata but could not give evidence of miraculous powers behind the footlights in New York. But her faith enables her to survive all these indignities. Neither her own confidence in herself nor the reader's confidence in her is shaken. By the favour of Heaven she is granted a final triumph to rehabilitate her in the eyes of

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- The Woman of Andros. By Thornton Wilder. (Longmans; 6s.)
Good Sir John. By Phoebe Fenwick Gaye. (Secker; 7s. 6d.)
The Town of Tombarel. By W. J. Locke. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)
Kindness in a Corner. By T. F. Powys. (Chatto; 7s. 6d.)
The Miracle of Peille. By J. L. Campbell. (Collins; 6s.)
The Seventh Gate. By Muriel Harris. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
The Rosicrucian. By E. Temple Thurston. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)
Journey's End. By R. C. Sherriff and Vernon Bartlett. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
Occupied Territory. By Alice Ritchie. (Hogarth Press; 7s. 6d.)
The Man in the Red Hat. By Richard Keverne. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
Clues of the Caribbees. By T. S. Stribling. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
I Met Murder. By Selwyn Jepson. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)



MR. W. J. LOCKE,
Author of "The Town of Tombarel."



MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON,
Author of "The Rosicrucian."

YPRES CATHEDRAL RE-RISEN: THE NEW BUILDING AND THE OLD COMPARED.



YPRES BEFORE THE WAR: THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARTIN (BACKGROUND) AND THE CLOTH HALL (LEFT FOREGROUND, WITH THE HOTEL DE VILLE AT RIGHT-HAND END) ON SEPTEMBER 4, 1913.



YPRES AFTER FOUR MONTHS OF WAR: THE CATHEDRAL AND CLOTH HALL, BOTH ROOFLESS, AND THE HOTEL DE VILLE A MERE HEAP OF RUBBISH, ON DECEMBER 20, 1914.



EIGHTEEN MONTHS AFTER THE WAR: THE RUINS OF THE CATHEDRAL AT YPRES AS THEY HAD EMERGED FROM FOUR YEARS OF MORE OR LESS INCESSANT GERMAN BOMBARDMENT—A PHOTOGRAPH OF HISTORIC SIGNIFICANCE, TAKEN ON JULY 8, 1920.



TWELVE YEARS SINCE THE WAR: THE CATHEDRAL AS NOW RE-RISEN FROM ITS ASHES—THE NEW BUILDING (COPIED FROM THE OLD) RECENTLY RE-CONSECRATED, WITH PART OF THE CLOTH HALL RUINS, ON APRIL 4, 1930.



BEFORE THE WAR: A CHAPEL IN YPRES CATHEDRAL, WITH A 1645 PICTURE BY JAN THOMAS, AS IT WAS ON APRIL 23, 1913.



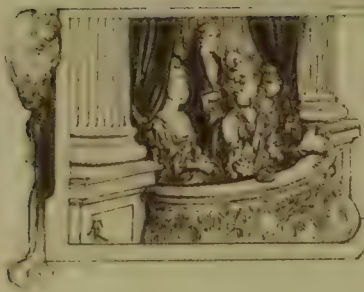
AFTER FIVE MONTHS OF WAR: WRECKAGE BEFORE THE HIGH ALTAR IN YPRES CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE LATE-RENAISSANCE CHOIR-STALLS OF 1598—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ON JANUARY 14, 1915.



TWELVE YEARS SINCE THE WAR: THE SAME CHAPEL AS IN THE LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH, NOW REBUILT.

The Cathedral of St. Martin at Ypres, which was destroyed in the war, along with the famous Cloth Hall close by, has now been rebuilt, the new structure—as our photographs show—being modelled closely on the lines of the old. The work was begun in September 1922, and was recently completed. The opening and consecration of the new Cathedral for public worship was fixed for Palm Sunday (April 13), accompanied by a great religious procession to bring back to the new shrine the Holy Eucharist and the ancient statue of the Virgin, patroness of the city. The above photographs offer striking comparisons between the Cathedral as it was before, during, and after the war, and show how faithfully the original design has been followed in the reconstruction. The former building

dated from the thirteenth century, the choir having been begun in 1221. The south aisle was separated from the old parish chapel by a brass screen of 1622, and this chapel contained a picture (seen in the left-hand lower illustration) by Jan Thomas, a pupil of Rubens, dated 1645. The choir had fine late-Renaissance stalls, carved in 1598 by Urban Taillebert, and over the baroque high-altar was an "Assumption" ascribed to Luca Giordano. A stone before the altar of St. Martin marked the grave of Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres (*d.* 1638), the founder of the Jansenists. Most of the works of art in the Cathedral, including the choir-stalls, were destroyed during the war. Among the treasures saved were a Gothic chest and a Flemish polyptych of 1525.



The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.



OH! THESE LIBRETTI!—ON MATINÉES.

WHENEVER a new musical comedy appears on the London boards, the critics have the easy task of making short work of the libretto—the story of the play. Ever since Lehar's "Merry Widow" gave the formula, it has become as perennial as Mrs. Beeton's cookery recipes. The scene, if the librettist

long-suffering public is finding it out, and fighting shy of an entertainment which, at best, is nothing more than a music-hall show linked together under the pretext of a story. Now, considering that the "talkies" give the same sort of material at about one-third or fourth of the theatre prices, is it to be wondered at that latterly the proverbial runs of musical comedy have been woefully curtailed and caused great loss to their sponsors? The public—however unsophisticated it may be—goes to the theatre in quest of imagination, and, as our playgoers are as patient as lambs, they are quite willing to accept, for the time being, the transcription of the old stuff in a new guise. But, now that for well-nigh twenty years they have endured the "Merry Widow" complex, they are at last realising that—for all the scenery, the borrowed music, the splendidly manoeuvred choruses—they are not getting their money's worth. They get something for the eye, but nothing to kindle their fancy, and so they tell their neighbours that such-and-such a play is just the same as the last: the rumour spreads, and the receipts begin to dwindle. In George Edwardes's time, musical comedy had a tangible, amusing plot; not masterpieces, but scintillating and often witty—think of "The Gaiety Girl," "The Geisha," and such-like. In our day, the plot is mostly so stupid that a schoolboy at sixteen could re-write it with success—and much better. The sooner the managers perceive this and will entrust the libretto to authors who have something new and humorous to say, the better. The danger-cone is in sight, and if it is not heeded I foresee that many palatial houses will go over to the kinema, which opens prospects of fresh woods and pastures new.

to country lanes and down-land, and we are loath to forgo the chance of a walk or a drive, loath to exchange sunlight for twilight, and clean, bright air for the stuffiness of the stalls.

But I would have you notice that these conditions which determine the mood lie apart from the play. They do not touch the play's intrinsic merits, though they may affect both the interpretation and the appreciation of it. The actor who is not keen on his job, the actress who is more concerned with the frame which sets her off as a picture to be admired in the evening, and is frankly bored at having to appear in the afternoon, is in the wrong profession. The criticism that *matinée* performances are less good than evening performances should not obtain if the player has enthusiasm, and respects not only the author, but the traditions of the stage. As for the true appreciation, there might be a good case advanced for the *matinée* audience. This public must either have a very keen sense of duty or a very lively eagerness. For them the play's the thing, and not the decoration, as it so often is in the evening. The true theatre-lover will enjoy the *matinée* with the same delight as he enjoys an evening performance. And, I will add, he is more likely to appreciate critically—to praise or blame with less margin of error—because he has escaped those subtle, yet pervasive, influences which work when the party-feeling is abroad.

It is a commonplace to describe *matinée* audiences as lethargic, but the rippling animation of good-humoured festive playgoers out for an evening must not be confused with active intelligence. If the audience is slow, then the fault lies either with the play or the players, or both. But if the play is good and the acting worthy of it, the *matinée* audience will not fail to respond. The audience may be less volatile, but it is still impressionable. Between the stage and the auditorium there should be a contact and a constant stream of ideas and feelings. Where the play is lifeless and the acting offers few compensations, then the *matinée* audience will be merciless in its disapproval. It will yawn in boredom. The play that just manages to survive the evening does not face the afternoon. But where the actors fill their



"THE THREE MUSKETEERS" AS A ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY
AT DRURY LANE: MR. DENNIS KING AS D'ARTAGNAN.

has any imagination beyond the bounds of the Thames, is laid in a country which Anthony Hope called Ruritania, and may be called by any other name. Now it is Mexico, now the Balkans, now, with a little more verisimilitude, Monaco. The characters—in order of their appearance—are an heiress and a millionaire, or a princess and a fortune-hunter, and another suitor, mostly villainous. Then come the satellites, a comic chambermaid, a clownish valet. These two couples are duly paired off, the former to sing love-songs, the latter to indulge in endless "business" and patter. From time to time, groups of chorus-girls troop in—whether they are wanted or not—and perform a song and dance. Then the villain has his chance. He knows something or other about the heroine or the hero, and lays his traps. His machinations lead to a climax—the one dramatic point of the play, and always the same—a complete misunderstanding between the lovers, a woeful duet, or, preferably, a solo aside of each, and then a pictorial setting of crowds of supers, a tearful parting. Either she ascends a staircase and leaves him behind with his hands to his face, or he breaks his way through the crowd in high dudgeon, whilst she, weeping (and warbling) bitterly on the bosom of her maid or on the treacherous shoulder of her next-best man, presents a picture of wails and woe. That curtain never fails. Somehow or other, in the third act, things must be straightened out; but, as much time has been spent on its predecessors to forge the plot, the solution is reached at a gallop—else we should not go home till morning. So, helter-skelter, some discovery is made which convinces the lovers that they were victimised by a misunderstanding, or maybe a trick of the discarded pursuivant, and then, after more duets of reconciliation and match-making by the comedian and other collateral characters (in whom nobody is the least interested), the curtain descends, suddenly, on the happiest of worlds, with at least three sets of couples jubiling in the prospect of being united for ever and a day.

Of course, this crystallised description is a *reductio ad absurdum* of the skeleton plots, but it will serve to show how flimsy, puny, and inane is the basis on which musical comedy is built, and gradually our

on his play at night has the advantage, for there is an inexplicable something, an atmosphere, a tension and excitement, that belong to the late hour which is denied the full light of day. The mood is different. From the routine of the day's activities, the toil that must be done, we have escaped with zest, and the evening is ours to find ourselves, to be ourselves, to meet and talk under the glow of softly shaded lamps. The party-spirit is abroad, and it is that which we take with us to the theatre. The pit and gallery queues patiently wait, and the waiting is not tedious. Something is kindled, an anticipation is alive, a *camaraderie* is struck which cheats time of its weariness; and when the doors open at length, there is something exhilarating in the move forward out of the streets into the theatre. It is true also of those who, more fortunately, are able to patronise the higher-priced seats. Though the car suffers a score of hold-ups, the delays are borne with humorous tolerance, and the vestibule before the bell rings is warm with friendly and lively conversation. The white shirt-fronts of the men and the gay and charming evening toilettes of the women express more than a ritual; they are more than a social convention which compels obedience. They are the outward and visible signs of an inward grace, of a release from the bondage of hard facts to a liberty where the day can be forgotten and pleasure can bring its rewards.

Matinées are at their best when the conditions most closely approximate to the evening show. Their best is to be found on some cold, wet, murky afternoon, when it is a joy to step out of the dismal streets into the cosy warmth of the theatre, to exchange the grey half-light with its chilly misery for the soft radiance of electric lamps. Their best is when the theatre is full—not with listless "paper," but with an enthusiastic audience keen to see the play. Their worst is when the sun shines and the wind blows fresh and inviting. For then our fancy lightly turns



"THE THREE MUSKETEERS": MR. ARTHUR WONTNER
AS CARDINAL RICHELIEU—WITH THE FAMOUS WHITE CAT.

parts with enthusiasm and intelligence, and where the play itself gives them what the Irishman wittily called "room for scope," then the *matinée* will be an occasion where the afternoon is well spent, an occasion that the true theatre-goer will enjoy every whit as much as an evening performance.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS" AS A MUSICAL PLAY : ROMANTICISM AND ORNATE PRODUCTION AT DRURY LANE.



IN THE BALL-ROOM OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE: THE QUEEN SHOWS KING LOUIS THAT SHE STILL POSSESSES THE DIAMOND HEART.



IN MILADY'S
BED-
CHAMBER :
D'ARTAGNAN
WRESTS THE
DIAMOND
HEART FROM
LADY DE
WINTER
AND FIGHTS
THE COMTE
DE
ROCHEFORT.

AT THE
SHRINE IN
THE DUKE OF
BUCKINGHAM'S
PALACE :
MILADY
REMOVES
THE JEWEL
FROM THE
CASKET
ON THE
ALTAR.



SINGING "THE MARCH OF THE MUSKETEERS": D'ARTAGNAN, ATHOS, PORTHOS, ARAMIS, AND MUSKETEERS.



IN THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES: THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM TAKES LEAVE OF THE QUEEN, WHO IS ATTENDED BY CONSTANCE BONACIEUX.

IN THE
BALL-ROOM
OF THE
HOTEL DE
VILLE :
CARDINAL
RICHELIEU
SEATED IN
STATE—
A DETAIL
OF THE
CLOSING
SCENE.



"The Three Musketeers," a romantic musical play after Dumas, is an outstanding success at Drury Lane, where all the traditional spectacular possibilities of that famous theatre have been lavished upon it. The chief personal triumph is that of Mr. Dennis King, the young English actor who is playing d'Artagnan, as he played it during the very notable "run" in the United States; but there are excellent performances by other actors also, notably by Miss Marie Ney, the Milady; Mr. Arthur Wontner, the Cardinal Richelieu; Mr. Raymond Newell, the Aramis; Miss Adrienne Brune, the Constance Bonacieux; Miss Lillian Davies, the Anne, Queen of France; Mr. Webster Booth, the Duke of Buckingham; and Mr. Louis Hector, the Comte de Rochefort. Further, there are sword-play, song, and ballet to excite and to entrance. The

music is by Rudolf Friml, who composed "Rose Marie." As to the production, reference has been made to that; and it may be added that the "Times" critic was by no means scoffing when he wrote: "No one with the theatre in his blood can resist the extraordinary theatricalism of the Drury Lane scene. If you set out to imagine romanticism at Drury Lane, you would imagine just this."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: EARLY WATCHES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

IN writing about watches, it is necessary to tread with especial delicacy: first, because the subject is excessively complicated, particularly on its mechanical side; and secondly, because the slightest deviation from the strictest letter of the law will inevitably produce scornful protests from one or two readers of this paper who, from lifelong knowledge and experience, have every right to castigate the most venial horological inexactitude. Like other worlds, the world of clocks and watches is not without its impassioned controversies as to attributions and dates. There is, for example, a turret clock at South Kensington which is held by some to be fifteenth century, by others to be two hundred years later—and much ink will yet be spilt over the question, to the edification of those who like that sort of thing, and the complete befogging of the rest of us who do not feel any strong religious fervour in the matter.

When was the first watch made? Nobody can be quite sure, because definite proof is lacking, but the general consensus of opinion, based upon documentary evidence in the State archives of Nuremberg, gives the credit to Peter Henlein, who was master locksmith there in 1509, and who died in 1542. It occurs to me that it is not very easy to define the difference between a clock and a watch: obviously the latter must be portable, but a very early example such as a table watch—that is, a circular timepiece two or three inches in diameter, made to rest flat (drum-like) upon a table—could just as well be termed a clock. The tradition is doubtless correct that the watch originated at Nuremberg, but at the same time there is also evidence that there were watches in France soon after 1510—importations possibly, or even probably, but we have no definite proof that they were not made on the French side of the Rhine at this date. Whatever view we may take, one thing seems certain—that there is no watch in existence to-day which can be dated much before 1550.

It is obvious that the first business of a watchmaker is to produce an accurate timepiece: in the beginning, no less than in the twentieth century, mechanical perfection must have been the immediate aim of the maker. The study of early mechanism is a highly specialised pursuit for which few of us are qualified. But if the technical side of the craft eludes us, its artistic possibilities are immediately apparent. Here are three Renaissance examples just presented to that very enterprising and most intelligently directed American institution, the Cleveland Museum of Art. They come from the Marfels collection, which was recently sold at Frankfurt. The late Herr Marfels was a notable collector, who ransacked Europe in the pursuit of his hobby. His first collection was sold *en bloc* to the late Pierpont Morgan, and is now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York: these three are the most important examples of his second collection. His enthusiasm, I am told, induced him to squander a vast amount of money in the attempt to produce a timepiece which would announce the hours instead of striking them, but long experiments at grafting a gramophone on to

a clock came to nothing—nor, if they had succeeded, is it quite certain that the march of civilisation would have been greatly quickened. Ingenuity is not always a synonym for progress. But if one of his ambitions seems odd, there can be no question of either his knowledge or his taste.

As a rule, both in clocks and watches, the makers of the movements have their names engraved upon the mechanism. They were the important partners in the production. The case-makers are never known. Readers of this page will perhaps remember that I pointed this out when writing about grandfather clocks some weeks ago. But if the ordinary cabinet-maker who supplied the eighteenth-century clockmaker with wooden cases for his clocks has no claim to be considered an artist, the men who designed and engraved these exquisite cases must be placed in a very different category. The best artists of the time seized upon the wonderful new invention, and made it into an article of beauty and luxury.

The specialist, of course, will no doubt consider the watchmaker himself, the man whose name appears upon the movement, who is responsible for this wonder-working box of tricks, as the one to be remembered. But the technical details of clockwork make a very limited appeal, and the passing of the years has at last brought its perverse revenge upon the worthy and enterprising citizens who were so careful to sign their work.

We are inclined to be impatient with them because we have to guess at the artists they employed on the embellishment of their watches. We can do little more than guess, but it is mainly their fine taste and craftsmanship which makes us put these things in glass cases in our museums. Nor is it possible to tell how far the artist himself did the work. Did he merely supply the design, or did he complete the whole case?

One is inevitably led to wonder whether in a few hundred years the same mild exasperation will not be felt against the modern maker of luxurious watches—those exquisite little jewelled toys, all platinum and fine enamels—which are so enchantingly engraved with the name of the firm, and not with that of their designer, who is obviously, in many cases, no less inspired than his Renaissance predecessor.

The main trouble of the collector of watches—apart from the difficulty of finding really important examples—lies in the frequency with which cases of one period and country have been ingeniously married to works of another. This was not necessarily done to deceive, but was a natural, if reprehensible, practice in the past when a fine case turned up which could be adapted to an early movement that lacked its proper cover. The detection of this sort of thing is something which no books or articles can teach: it can only be learnt by patient and intelligent study of the actual watches—given, of course, that feeling for a fine thing without which any amount of hard work is useless.

It is just this lack of the necessary *flair* which produces so many experts, in all walks of life, who, although they may possess a marvellous memory for dates, yet evince at the same time a complete incapacity for appreciation. Critics of this type may be found who have the most exact knowledge of Elizabethan literature, but will read Shakespeare's Sonnets principally for the purpose of counting how many feet go to a line. Feeling, with them, is non-existent.

The first illustration (Fig. 1) is that of a "Nuremberg egg" watch. This distinctive shape came into fashion about 1560, and the reason for its popular name is obvious. The works have an alarum, and are signed "D. Martinot. Paris," and it probably dates from about 1595. Denis Martinot belonged to the famous family several members of which were clockmakers to the city of Paris, and "maîtres horlogers" to the King. The silver case is beautifully engraved. The photograph is of the reverse: in the centre is the Crucifixion, around it four scenes from the Passion, and, in between, a scroll pattern in which animals and Cupids appear—typical and distinctive treatment which can be paralleled in a hundred other designs of the period. The artist responsible for the design, if not for the actual work, is probably the famous engraver, Theodore de Bry.

The second watch illustrated (Fig. 2), of rock crystal mounted in gold enamel, with the face of Champlevé enamel in black, is rare in that the ends of the arms are bevelled. The hand—only one hand is found in all early watches—is in the form of a dove in white enamel on gold. The works are signed "P. Herbiere. Grenoble." The third watch (Fig. 3) is shown with the rock-crystal case open. The engraved golden dial has a central portion with a pierced design.



FIG. 1. MADE ABOUT 1595: A NUREMBERG "EGG" WATCH IN A SILVER CASE, BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED—THE REVERSE, WITH SCENES FROM THE PASSION AND THE CRUCIFIXION.

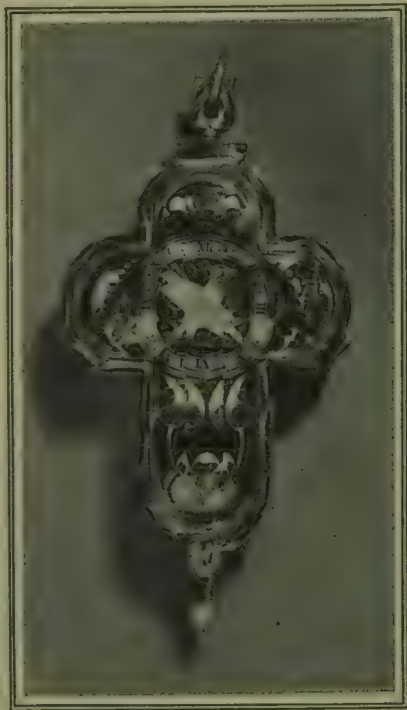


FIG. 2. WITH A SINGLE "HAND" IN THE FORM OF A WHITE ENAMEL DOVE: A 16TH-CENTURY "CROSS" WATCH, IN A CASE OF ROCK CRYSTAL MOUNTED IN GOLD ENAMEL, WITH THE FACE OF CHAMPLEVÉ ENAMEL IN BLACK.



FIG. 3. WITH ITS ROCK CRYSTAL CASE OPEN, SHOWING THE GOLDEN DIAL OF PIERCED DESIGN WITH ENGRAVINGS OF THE CRUCIFIXION AND SYMBOLS OF THE PASSION: A "CROSS" WATCH OF ABOUT 1600—THE MOVEMENT SIGNED "URBAN HORLE, MAYNTZ."

All three watches here illustrated were purchased from the Marfels collection, and presented to the Cleveland Museum by its President, Mr. John L. Severance.

Photographs by the Cleveland Museum of Art, Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

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INTERESTING METHODS OF MURAL DECORATION.



WALLS IN RELIEF SHOWING LIGHT AND SHADE: THE "SANKMAR" TEXTURING, WHICH CAN BE APPLIED TO ANY SURFACE.



WALLS OF ROUGH PLASTER WITH OAKEN BEAMS: THE INGLE HAS A DOG GRATE AND WROUGHT-IRON HOOD, WHILE THE LOG BOX AT EACH SIDE FORMS A CHIMNEY SEAT. AN IDEAL LOUNGE FOR A COUNTRY HOUSE, CARRIED OUT BY W. H. GAZE AND SONS, OF KINGSTON, WHO SPECIALISE IN CONVERTING ROOMS IN OLD HOUSES TO ANY GIVEN DESIGN.



Plastic paint is the latest development in interior decoration. Photographed here are interesting new features achieved with "Sankmar," which is a fine white powder mixed with water to a plastic consistency and applied to any surface. It is then "textured" in these

artistic designs in relief. The photographs on the left and right show the results obtained by "texturing" with a brush, "wicker comb," palette knife, and a "squeegee" for high lighting. In the centre is a

mural picture done in "Sankmar." This plastic decoration in relief sets to a marble-like hardness, and does not crack or peel. It is quite easy to apply. Full particulars are obtainable from J. H. Sankey and Son, whose G.H.Q. is Essex Wharf, Canning Town, E.



REPRODUCTION OF FAMOUS DECORATORS OF THE PAST: A LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ROOM, WITH THE WALLS SHOWING ELABORATE DECORATION IN PLASTER-WORK. IT IS CARRIED OUT BY W. H. HAMPTON AND SONS, EXPERTS IN "PERIOD" FURNISHING.



IN THE MANNER OF AN OLD DUTCH HOMESTEAD: THE WALLS OF PLASTER AND OAK, AND THE ATTRACTIVE BEAMED CEILING HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY RECONSTRUCTED BY THE WELL-KNOWN FIRM OF HAMPTONS, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.

*A Masterpiece
by
An Old Master*



John Haig

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

Haig

THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD

HOLIDAY TOURS BY OCEAN LINERS.

ONE of the most interesting and enjoyable holidays it is possible to have is a voyage to South Africa, *via* Madeira, in an up-to-date liner. The magnificent vessels of the Union-Castle Line maintain a weekly service from Southampton, and for those who wish to have an early summer holiday special facilities have been arranged whereby tickets to Cape Town at the greatly reduced return fares of £90 first class, £60 second class, and £30 third class will be issued to passengers taking the tour by the R.M.S. *Armada Castle*, sailing on May 30. Correspondingly reduced fares to other South African ports will also be issued; so that an excellent opportunity is provided for an inexpensive visit to that fascinating land. Durban, that popular and beautiful holiday resort, can be seen at its best, for its season extends from June to September.

For those who desire to take a shorter sea voyage, a trip to Madeira or the Canary Islands undoubtedly makes a delightful holiday.

During June, July, and August the return fares to Madeira by the vessels engaged in the South African Mail service are only £20 first class return and £15 second class. The weekly sailings to and from

The return fare to the Canary Islands during that period is £20 first class, and the voyage is made in the company's intermediate vessels.

Another extremely interesting holiday, and one which will appeal to those who find enjoyment in foreign travel, is a round trip from London to Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and back, the first-class fare for which is the modest sum of £20. Commencing April 26 until the end of September, one of the fine vessels of the Union-Castle Line's intermediate South African service leaves London every fortnight for the ports mentioned, and passengers taking the cruise spend a few days in each of those ports, using the ship as their hotel. The round trip occupies from thirteen to fourteen days, and there is time for many interesting excursions to be made to several of the historical cities and famous holiday resorts in Belgium, Holland and Germany; the cruises also offer a splendid opportunity for a visit to the great and important international Exhibition which is being held in Antwerp in this year of the centenary of Independence.



MADEIRA AS A HOLIDAY RESORT: BULLOCK SLEDS AT FUNCHAL.

The Union Castle Line, which maintains a weekly service from Southampton to South Africa, via Madeira, is offering tickets to Cape Town at greatly reduced return fares to passengers desirous of making the tour by the R.M.S. "*Armada Castle*," sailing on May 30. There will also be low fares for other South African ports. Excellent arrangements have been made, too, for those wishing to visit Madeira and the Canary Islands; and there are round trips between London and Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hamburg.

Madeira enable holiday-makers to be back again in England within ten days from the date of departure, or they may, if they desire, extend their holiday to any period within two months.



A VOYAGE TO SOUTH AFRICA AS A HOLIDAY TOUR: AT CAPE TOWN—A VIEW SHOWING THE CITY HALL.



MADEIRA AS A HOLIDAY RESORT OF MANY DELIGHTS: A COAST SCENE.

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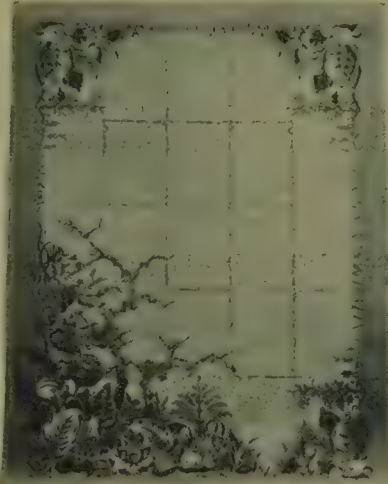
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

New Renault Motor Factory.

That famous French motor firm, Renault, Ltd., has recently completed its new £3,000,000 factory, after writing down the value of the old one to one franc as a book-keeping transaction. It is a most successful firm, and its latest three-litre six-cylinder five-seated saloon at £307 is a wonderful example of how cheaply motor carriages can be purchased at the present time. It is produced by the latest modern machinery, and all can find a Renault to suit their pocket and their wants, as no other firm gives a better or wider range of models from which to choose. Big Renaults of 40 h.p. on the eight-cylinder Reinastella chassis for the largest forms of coachwork, or six-cylinder 12.5-h.p. Monastella saloons or Monasin saloons at even lower prices, are available. The seven-seating 14-45-h.p. Renault saloon costs only £283—a price that compels attention from those who require a family carriage. Rated at 13.9 h.p., this long chassis carries most comfortable bodies, so that you imagine you have at least a 20- or 30-h.p. car. Some of the Renault chassis have oil radiators; all have coil ignition, Stromberg or Renault carburettors, and side-valve engines. The smaller six-cylinder 12.5-h.p. Renault has the Dynastart lighting and starting set, the one electrical machine acting as a motor or a dynamo in turns. When you switch on, the "dynastart" acts as a motor and sets the engine going, but as soon as the power unit picks up speed the electrical machine transforms itself into a dynamo, and proceeds to charge the battery with electricity and return the amount used from the cells a minute or so beforehand. The oil radiator on the "straight eight" and on the 21-h.p. model makes the consumption very low, as well as keeping the oil down to the proper temperature. There is no water pump on the 12.5-h.p. Monastella Renault, the thermo-syphon cooling proving very efficient, and I have had no complaints against the model for boiling. As everybody knows, Renault cars are driven very fast in France over hard *pavé* and pot-holed roads. On our smooth English highways they have only half the work put on the chassis by the road itself, so they make an easy task of all our difficult country whenever they meet with it.

Fuel Oil for Cars.

There are a considerable number of automobile designers hard at work seeking to produce the high-speed compression ignition type of engine, using heavy fuel oil in place of petrol, suitable for commercial motors and private cars. Some practical progress has been made in this direction. Consequently, already the British Petroleum Company, Ltd., the distributors of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's products, are now marketing Diesoleum and Gasoleum for Diesel engines and marine motors. At the same time the new B.P. spirit has been improved for the petrol engine, as, now that higher compression is becoming more general for the standard car engine, the new B.P. petrol has had some of its distilled "aromatics" returned to it under a new process, so that it can be used with a higher compression motor and still not "pink" or detonate at slow "revs" on a load crawling on top gear. It is this quality that has greatly increased its sale among discerning British motorists, as, the times being hard, we all have to get the most for our money. The more one runs on the top gear at low revolutions the less petrol is consumed; thus motoring becomes cheaper to the man using the new B.P. spirit. Moreover, the commercial goods and passenger vehicles are using "White May," a high-grade lamp-oil also sold by the B.P., with petrol in their vehicles further to cheapen running costs. So we have at present B.P. aviation spirit at the top of the class, and Commercial B.P. spirit at the lower end of the petrol list of this firm, with the new B.P. for cars, and White May lamp-oil and Royal Standard burning oil for lighting and heating, besides the fuel oils referred to. A fine range of spirit and fuel oils is thus provided.

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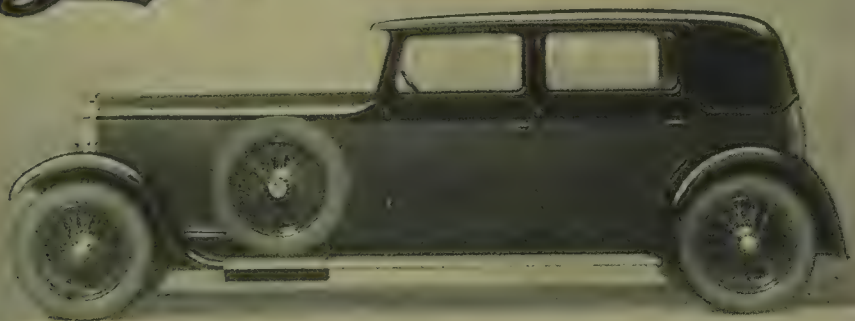
Sports cars, with their extra high-compression engines, have become so popular that the Shell-Mex Company have now arranged to distribute their latest product, "Racing Shell," all over Great Britain through the garages and filling-stations on the main routes. We are thus following in the steps of the Americans, who now advertise some of their cars as capable of using the "high-compression" gasoline sold in the U.S.A., and this "high-compression" spirit in America is usually Shell.

Engine compression has been raised in the standard car from about $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 to 5.5 to 6.5 to 1. Ordinary Shell is usually the best to use up to 5.5 to 1, but even then one can get improved top-gear running by adding a small amount of "Racing Shell" to the gallon. The compressions above that point need more "Racing" in the mixture. Supercharged engines require "Racing Shell" undiluted, but sports engines usually run best on a fifty-fifty mixture, or even a less proportion of "Racing." The best method of discovering the proper mixture is to start with a fifty-fifty mixture of ordinary and Racing Shell, and then either reduce or increase the "Racing" until the best results are attained with the engine running at full throttle over 1800 revs. per minute.

Reliable Plugs Save Worry.

After finding out the best oil and petrol to suit one's car, the careful owner searches for the sparking-plug that gives the least trouble. Nothing annoys the average owner more than finding that he has to clean some plugs nearly every morning before he can get the engine to carry on, or else has to change plugs on the roadside owing to the failure of one or more of these ignition-sparkers. Unfortunately, there is no rule one can lay down to suit every case, except to say that cheap, or, rather, low-priced, sparking-plugs are never worth buying. They usually prove dear bargains in the long run. I must admit I favour K.L.G. plugs because the insulation has never once let me down, but I am touching wood as I write for fear of accidents. K.L.G. plugs can be bought practically all over the world and in a large variety of types, so that you can usually get the particular one that best suits your engine. I have seen these plugs made at the works, and the supervision and testing are excellent. Their general use in "difficult" motors, specials, and the like is strong recommendation that they will stand up to their work where some others fail. You can buy K.L.G. plugs for American cars at 6s. each; and a miniature plug for Chryslers can be recommended—480D, I think, is the number. The K.L.G. type L.1, with serrated insulations, are suitable for oily engines; type K.1 for Rolls-Royce; and Models 417 and 483 for sports engines, such as Bentley, Alvis, Sunbeam, Riley, Lagonda, Invicta, Bugatti, and the like.

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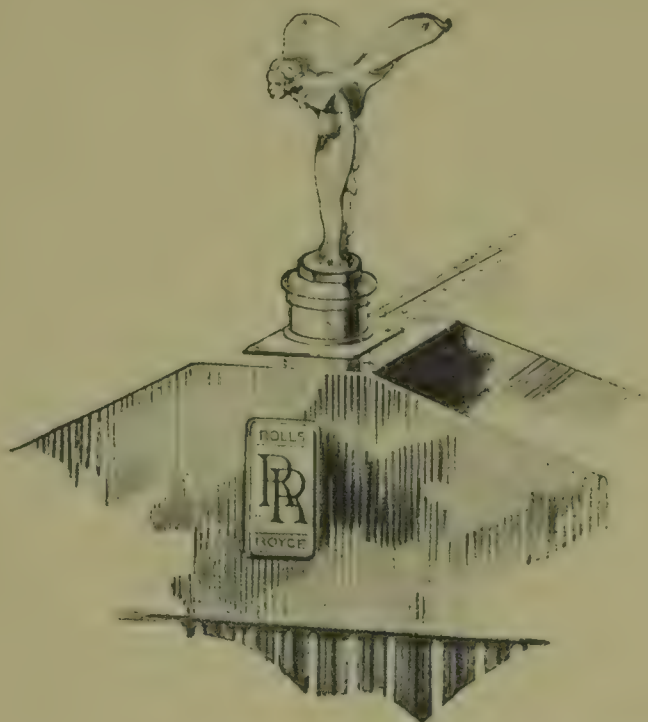


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THE LAST THROES OF ABSOLUTISM.

(Continued from Page 680.)

It was necessary to justify the new absolute power which had no historic title like that of the Tsars; and they sought to justify it by giving it an enormous task to accomplish. That is the subterfuge of all Governments founded by a *coup d'état*. The germ of the idea that the proletariat is destined to create a new civilisation is found in Marx. To justify its absolute power the Bolshevik oligarchy developed that germ, and tried to transform the purely political revolution of 1917 into a universal revolution which would give birth to a new world of marvellous beauty by transforming everything; industry and syntax, agriculture and prosody, the family, the calendar, philosophy and the kitchen, religion and fashion.

It is easy to say one is going to change the face of the world; it is much more difficult to do it. "Everybody is not able to go to Corinth," says the old Greek proverb. A people cannot make a universal revolution just when it pleases. Between the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, there was a revolution which changed the face of the world. But it had been prepared for by an immense amount of subterranean work for several centuries; and it only had to break certain crystallisations of the old régime by liberating the latent energies which those crystallisations compressed. The new world in which we live was not created by the decrees of the Convention, but by the liberated energies which were working in Europe and America for a century before that time. Besides, their work is not yet achieved; the great transformation of the world which was begun in the eighteenth century continues before our eyes; the Russian Revolution is itself only a far-away and somewhat degenerated repercussion of the French Revolution. One does not understand either why the fall of Tsarism should make a change in prosody, family manners, architecture, and all Western civilisation. But the Soviets need to convince the universe and to convince themselves that they are creating a new world. They multiply Commissions, which, under weird names, are to aid the revolution to bring forth this age of gold; all these Commissions unite in their efforts to oblige the Russians to become happy despite themselves; the Russians resist, preferring to remain unhappy as it pleases them. It is a fatal concatenation. Created to justify absolute power, the myth of social regeneration, which the Soviets pretend is their mission, exasperates them to frenzied despotism.

M. de Chessin has drawn an impressive description of the extravagances to which the despotism of the smaller middle class gives itself up in order to create a new civilisation. It is a picture which is at once tragic as a whole and comic in its details. But Russia is not an isolated case. Half Europe is agitated by the same supreme struggle between the absolutism of 1815 and the liberty of to-day. The free countries have difficulty in understanding

that offensive return of a past which they imagined was buried everywhere, as with them; and they have a certain tendency to see enigmas where there is a mere historic unwedding between two parties in Europe. With the exception of France and of Switzerland, which were republics, and of the Russian Empire, which was an absolute monarchy, the rest of Continental Europe between 1870 and 1914 had terminated by a compromise the great struggle between monarchy and democracy which had been let loose by the French Revolution. Everywhere there were Courts and Parliaments, Ministers and Oppositions, irresponsible authorities and responsible authorities, which governed together. But that mixed system was not equally solid everywhere. In certain countries they stood the shock of war very well: those were the Constitutional monarchies, where neither the rights of the Crown nor the rights of the people underwent any essential alterations. Other countries cast out the republic; the democratic principle which, until 1918, was associated with the monarchical principle, and thus the monarchical system reigned alone. Again, in other countries, on the contrary, the monarchical principle was annihilated by the democratic principle which had been accepted after 1848 and which it admitted as its collaborator; those were the countries where, under other names, absolutism regained power.

But those countries which resuscitated absolutism found themselves faced with the same problem as that which obliged the Soviets to promise universal revolution, so as to find a justification. The right Divine of 1815 no longer sufficed even in the most backward countries. The masses no longer believe in it. For this new absolutism, as for the absolutism of the Soviets, there is but one justification: the extraordinary services that they would be able to render to the peoples in exchange for their passive obedience. That is why those Governments promise their peoples either an Empire or a complete revision of the peace treaties, or a new organisation of labour, or fabulous economic prosperity. The promises are magnificent; but they are easier to make than to fulfil.

What our fathers called Liberty was not only an ideal; it was also a guarantee of political and moral balance for the people as well as the social classes: the extravagances of the Russian Revolution prove this to us once more. That is why, when I find myself at grips with a Frenchman or an Englishman who burns to see all Parliaments swept off the face of the civilised world, and to make an end of what, in certain circles, they like to call the Government of the chatterboxes, I beg them to put to themselves and reply to one little question. It is this: "What would have happened if the Parliamentary Republic had not been able to establish itself in Germany in 1918, and what would happen to-morrow if it fell?"

There is no doubt about the answer: in 1918-1919, considering the disarray in which the Monarchical and Conservative forces found themselves, if Germany had done as Russia did she would have become Bolshevik.

The Republic, Parliamentarism, the ideas of '89 and of '48 saved civilisation in 1918, and avoided the enormous catastrophe which the triumph of the social revolution would have been in the centre of Europe, and in the midst of one of the strongest peoples of the world. If the Parliamentary Republic were to fall to-morrow in Germany, Germany would only have to choose between the nationalistic monarchy and Bolshevism, between a White Dictatorship or a Red. Let us suppose for a moment that one of those two governments were in possession in Berlin, and let us think what chaos Europe would then become. . . . It does not need much imagination to realise this. The whole of Europe is interested in the destiny of the German Republic; we must, therefore, wish that the Germans also should not be too much discontented with it.

THE 101 MUMMIES OF MEYDUM.

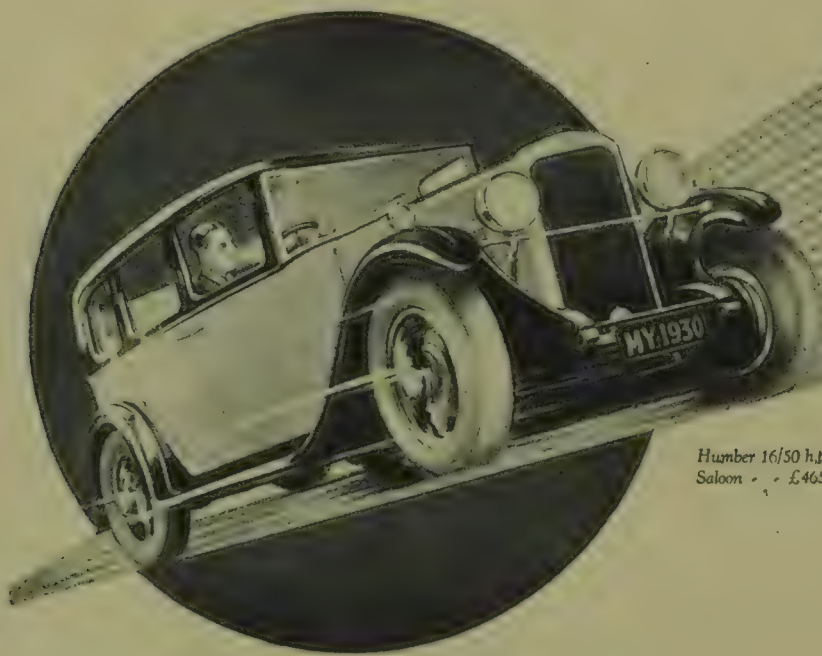
(Continued from Page 676.)

declared to be a devotee of Imseti Shu, the god of the air, and Nut, the sky-goddess. On the lid (Fig. 5, p. 677) is the following prayer: "An offering which the king gives to Anubis, the lord of the town of Sepa, who is in front of the divine hall, that he may grant that he (*i.e.*, the deceased) may pass over heaven, that he may reach land, and that he may ascend to the great god, the lord of heaven, in peace, in peace, before the king, upon the beautiful ways of the Necropolis."

COFFIN IN CHAMBER L.

The outer coffin of this burial was badly damaged by rock falls, but the inner one was rather well preserved. Both have beautifully decorated upper parts, but bear no texts enabling us to identify the deceased. The mummy inside is in an excellent state of preservation and is covered with a network of cylinder beads of faience (Fig. 2, p. 677). Over the head is a movable gilded mask with false beard (Figs. 1 and 7, p. 677), while upon the breast is a golden scarab with flying wings. The network had fallen apart in some places, but, as we have managed to secure most of the loose beads, we can easily reconstruct the net later on.

Scarcely a day passes without a discovery of some interest, and, although the present season is by no means nearly finished, we have already considerably augmented what was previously known about the place. Meydum is certainly among the most important sites in Egypt, but it has been only partly explored. With the resources at our disposal we are confident that a thorough examination will produce discoveries of even greater interest and significance. In making this assertion we are, of course, fully cognisant of the value of the important work hitherto carried out at Meydum by various savants, including Lepsius, Mariette, Maspero, Petrie, and Borchardt, the publications of the two last, in particular, being monuments of careful and painstaking labour.



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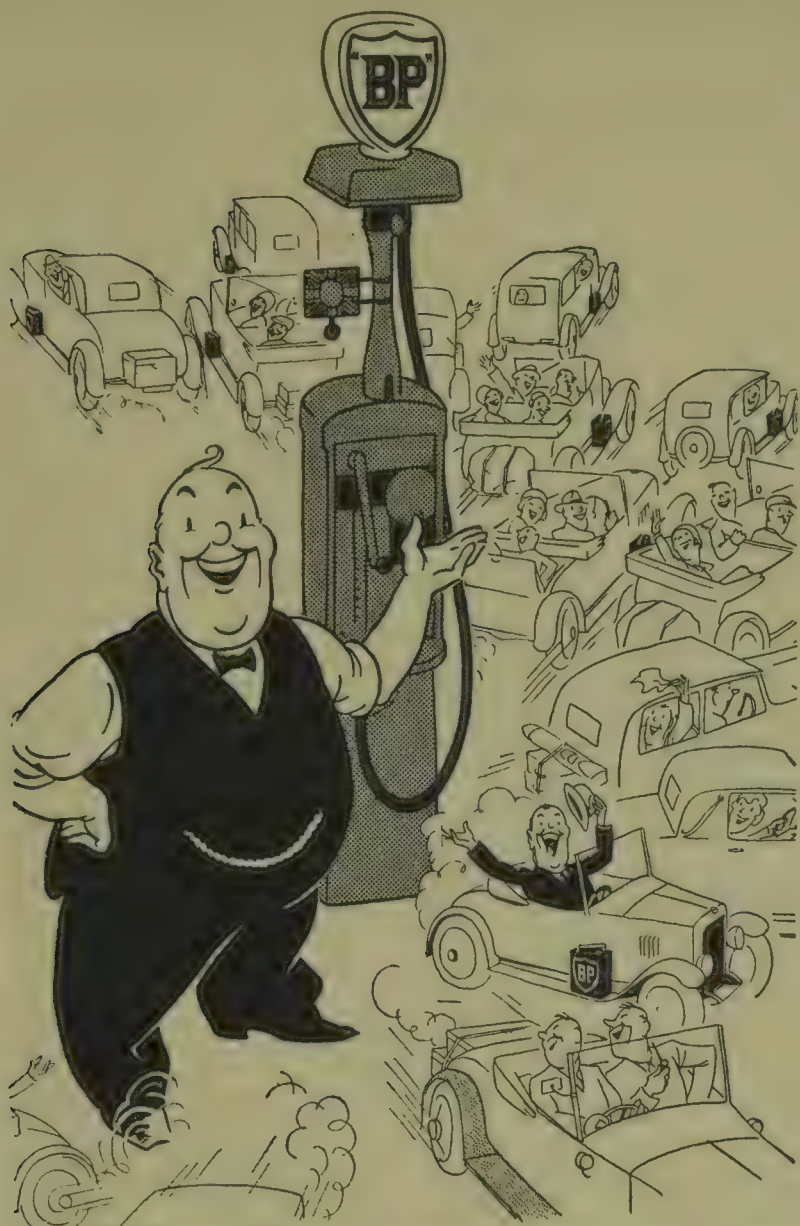


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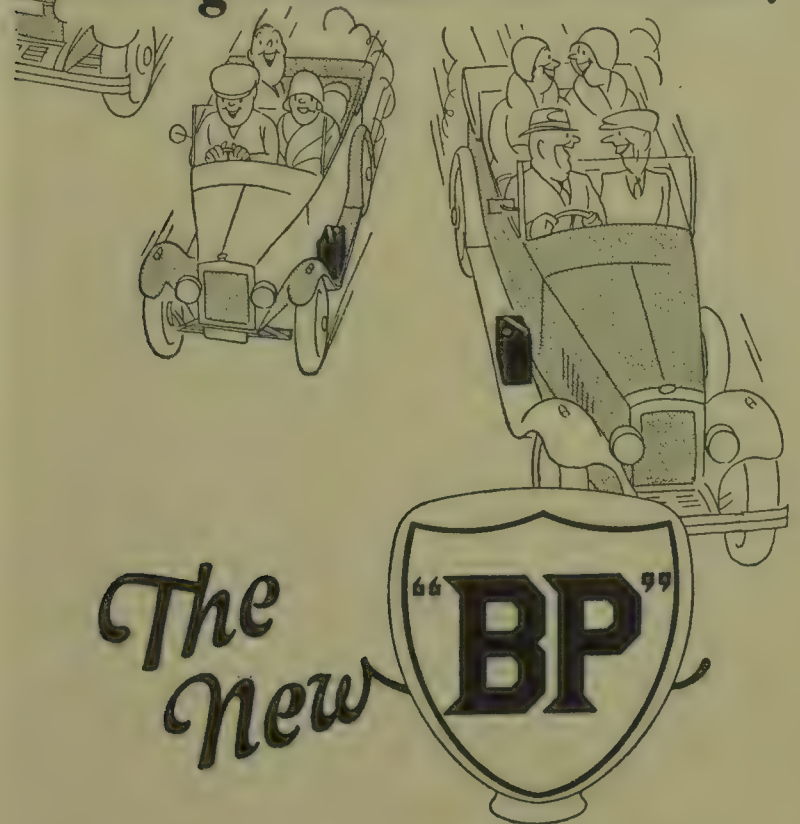
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—LXXVII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

IT may sound absurd to refer to "Spring Fashions" when writing of boats, but, though Nelson may turn in his grave and yachtsmen of the last century be horrified, the fact remains that we have reached the stage when they exist. Old traditions, and especially those connected with the sea, should be upheld whenever possible, but if no one had ever struck out on new lines they would never have been created. The present generation, therefore, have the duty to perform not only of upholding the old ones, but also of creating new ones for those who come after. There is every indication that this responsibility is recognised so far as it affects new types of boats, new uses for them, and even new "sea manners." For this reason I make a point at this season of devoting articles to the activities of the leading firms in the boat industry.

As the ancestors of the whole present-day motor-boat movement, and also as the leading fashion-makers, the productions of Messrs. Thornycroft are always interesting, for, with their great name to uphold, there is never any danger that they will be insufficiently thought out or tried out. This is not always the case with some of the small firms, where experiments are tried at the expense of the buyer. At the moment I am concerned more with the policy of Messrs. Thornycroft than with the individual craft they are building, for I have seldom found the fashions that they institute prove failures. Last year, instead of fitting two 25-h.p. engines in their 40-ft. cruisers, they installed two 9-h.p. units as a means of reducing the initial cost and also the running expenses. This has been justified, for I understand that many more craft have been sold than previously, and that their

average speed has been reduced by only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ knots. This bears out what I have stated in previous articles—namely, that the Britisher studies a boat's running-costs in the same way as he does those of a motor-car. As, however, Messrs. Thornycroft export more than half their output, they do not neglect the rich foreign buyer to whom expense is no object. If speed at any price is required, there is no firm better fitted to provide it.



A 35-FT. THORNYCROFT 25-H.P. MOTOR-CRUISER WITH A SPEED OF $8\frac{1}{2}$ KNOTS (NEARLY 10 M.P.H.)
These craft cost from £1100, according to the finish required, and accommodate four persons in comfort, or six at a pinch.

As regards motor-cruisers, they inform me that boats between 30 and 40 ft. are most in demand, having engines with power sufficient to give 8 knots. This firm's range of standard craft is, of course, very great, but personally I favour their 35-ft. cruisers having 25-h.p., with a speed of $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots (almost 10 m.p.h.). I admit I do not like their open cockpits aft, but, as it is an easy and inexpensive matter to

fit a sun-roof overhead, it is not a serious fault. As I have stated in previous articles, I look on the 35-ft. boat as the smallest in which real comfort can be obtained without impairing seagoing qualities. It is a happy mean for the owner not burdened with much wealth. Of the speed-boat and runabout class, though the firm can supply boats with speeds of 50 knots, the type that has been in great demand (more especially for export) is one of 25 ft. having a 35-h.p. engine and

a speed of 17 m.p.h. (nearly 15 knots), with seats for six persons. I believe that vessels of this type will eventually supersede the present 26-knot speed-boats, for they are approximately only $1\frac{1}{2}$ minutes slower in the nautical mile, and their running-costs are less than half those of the former. I am well aware that many will disagree with this statement who have not yet learnt that speed on the water very soon becomes a monotony. This is proved further by a list that I have before me of vessels built by other firms in which Thornycroft engines are being installed. In no case is the power employed large compared with the size of the vessel. It is a long list, and includes many of the new RD/6 six-cylinder 75-h.p. engines of the same type that recently ran a full power test under Lloyd's supervision for 12½ days without stopping. If proof is needed that the use of motor-boats is increasing, this list should afford it. Thornycroft's "Service" system, which is unrivalled throughout the world, is to a large extent responsible, for they

have established a chain of stations round the coasts, and inform me that they have a book in preparation dealing solely with this subject. They further state that, if a spare part is required in any locality where no agent exists, it will be despatched by return from their Reading Works on receipt of the order, and, if required, a technical expert will also be sent.



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SUSPENSE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

THIS is war with the lid off, and, while there is no blasphemy for blasphemy's sake, it is quite likely the language may offend delicate ears. It is magnificent, but it isn't war as everybody saw it. It is true as far as it goes, but it hardly goes far enough. After all, lice and licentiousness were not Tommy's sole subject of conversation. It hasn't the varied characterisation of "Journey's End," but it undoubtedly gets the horror of war over the footlights. The first act seemed a trifle over-written, and for that reason we did not share the suspense of the men in the dug-out as they listened to the tap, tap, tap of the Germans mining beneath them. But with the second act our interest was gripped and our imagination stirred. We, too, held our breath when the noise temporarily ceased, wondering whether this meant that the work had been completed, and in a few seconds the mine would go up. The third act was almost unbearably real. At last relief had come; the tired men were making their way along the duck-boards for a well-earned rest. And then the mine went up; the German attack had begun, and the poor devils had to stagger back through a hell of shells to defend the gap made and meet with almost certain death. This one act alone should make the play. Gordon Harker, as the sock-knitting Tommy, gave a perfect character-study; he got over every point of the rich—over-rich, if you will—Cockney humour; and Sidney Morgan was equally good as the old soldier who would never cease grousing as long as he could breathe.

"B. J. ONE," AT THE GLOBE.

Commander Stephen King-Hall's latest play is well-intentioned, but dull, and dullness is the unforgivable theatrical sin. The prologue opens in a Night Club in Kiel, in June 1914, showing an English and a German naval officer fraternising. It meant little. Act I., May 1916, showed us the Operations Room at the Admiralty. The realism was doubtless photographic, but even our knowledge that the date is the eve of the Battle of Jutland (knowledge hidden, of course, from the characters on the stage) failed to excite us. Strategy is a dull subject, save for students of war. The second act

was better. The scene was the bridge of a light cruiser during the battle, and the effects were excellently contrived. But here again the author's dialogue was too undramatic, and the subject often so technical as to prove ineffective. It could be cut with advantage. The third act—time, 1929—showing a meeting of business men, was so exactly like an actual conference as to be almost unbearably dull. The author's theories were doubtless sound sense, but he presented them so long-windedly as to excite little curiosity on the subject. Mr. Andrew Leigh gave an amusing little study of an irresolute business man in this scene.

At this season of the year we feel that readers would like to learn of the continued progress of the good work done by Dr. Barnardo's Homes. This great charitable institution, founded sixty-three years ago, has now taken in 107,500 children. On an average, five children are added to this great family every day; 30,000 young people have been placed in the British Dominions; 8000 boys and girls and infants are always being supported and trained. 1066 boys and girls are under industrial and technical training. Expenses incurred by the organisation are naturally formidable, and those of our readers who would like to assist should send their contribution to The Rt. Hon. Lord Ebbisham, G.B.E. (Honorary Treasurer), Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

On Saturday, April 26, at 1.30, at Twickenham, will be played the finals of the seven-a-side Rugby Football Tournament, which has been organised by the Middlesex County Rugby Football Union. The proceeds will be in aid of the Middlesex Hospital Cancer Fund, and prices of tickets are: Admission to ground, 1s.; ring seats (including admission), 3s.; covered stands, numbered and reserved (including admission), 5s., from Alfred Hays Box Offices, 26, Old Bond Street, W.1 (Regent 3400); 74, Cornhill, E.C.3 (Avenue 1466, 3300, 5801); 62, Strand, W.C.2 (Temple Bar 3032); The Secretary, Rugby Football Union, Twickenham; or the Middlesex Hospital, London, W.1.

Another interesting function in aid of the Middlesex Hospital (Reconstruction Fund) will be the

Revue-Supper-Cabaret by the "No-Trumpers" at the Hotel Metropole, on Thursday, May 8, at 9 p.m. It is expected that T.R.H. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught will be present, and tickets for the entire entertainment, including supper, are 30s. each, obtainable from Mrs. Sam Baer, 13, Maresfield Gardens, N.W.3 (Telephone: Hampstead 0476).

The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, has been in the forefront of cancer surgery for many years, and Dr. Robert Knox, the late director of its electrical and radiotherapeutic department, was one of the most noted radiologists in the world until his death. The hospital has employed radium in the treatment of cancer since 1913, and if the authorities have been cautious in putting forward claims for the efficacy of the treatment, their reticence has been deliberate. The staff is now unanimously agreed that radium has an important part to play in the treatment of the disease. The House Committee have approved the plans, and building operations have commenced, for an entirely new radiological block, which will be fitted with the most modern equipment. Approximately eighty beds are to be added to the present 120. With this addition it is believed that the institution will be the largest cancer hospital in the world. Radium treatment will in future be offered to middle-class patients at reasonable cost, as well as gratuitously to the poor. It is for these developments that the hospital is appealing for £150,000.

In connection with an illustration of wax portraits of Cosimo de Medici II. and his wife, in our issue of April 5, a correspondent draws attention to an error in the statement, quoted in our descriptive note, that Galileo "on Jan. 7, 1610, discovered the seven satellites of Jupiter, which he named 'Sidera Medicea' in honour of Cosimo and his wife." Our correspondent points out that this statement is incorrect in regard to the number of the satellites. "Galileo," he writes, "discovered only four of Jupiter's nine satellites. The other five are much too small for him to have seen with his primitive telescope. The four big moons are now known as the Galilean satellites. They are Io, Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto."



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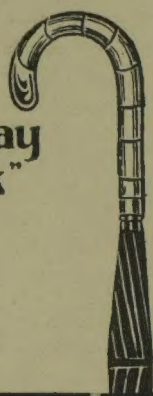
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"HUMAN HISTORY."

(Continued from Page 674.)

properties. The conception that it had value in itself, apart from what it symbolised, coincides with the beginnings of civilisation in Egypt. On no question does Professor Elliot Smith speak more authoritatively and positively than this: that our civilisation began in Egypt about 4000 B.C. The discoveries at Ur and Susa have been thought by some to point to the existence, in Elam and Sumeria, of civilisations anterior to the Egyptian. Professor Elliot Smith brings forward a tremendous body of evidence to show that this could not have been so. Susa, Ur, and the Minoan civilisation of Crete in many cases improved on the lessons they had learned from Egypt, but they were borrowers, not originators.

The concluding chapters describe the stages by which Egyptian culture and ideas spread over the world, as far as Honan in China; and how they were succeeded, centuries later, by another wave of civilisation, the Greek, which penetrated equally far and had more lasting results.

"When Man first began to devise Civilisation" (Professor Elliot Smith writes in his epilogue) "he became entangled in the shackles of the theory of the State, which he himself had forged."

"It remained for the Greeks to remove the shackles and restore to human reason the freedom it had lost."

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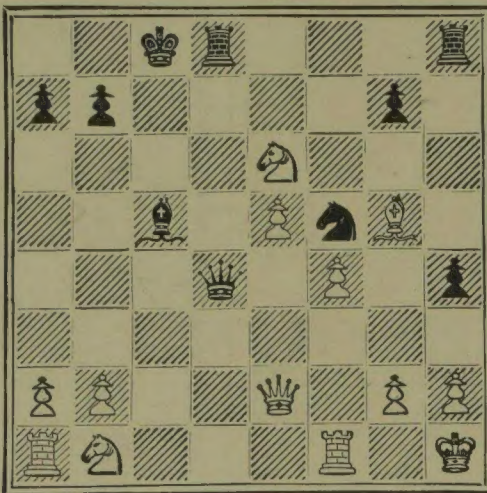
L. P. H.

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

GAME PROBLEM No. XLI.

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (13 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 2kr3r; pp4pr; 4S3; 2brPsBr; 3qrPip; 8; PP2Q1PP; RS3RtK.

From a game played in the 'nineties at the Café de la Régence, the famous Paris chess resort. Janowski was Black, and has just played 17. — PR5, abandoning his Queen. One would expect the greenest novice to look askance at such a Greek gift from Janowski; but M. Friedman, who was White, played 18. Kt×Q, nothing daunted. We leave it to our readers to find out what happened to him. [White plays 18. Kt×Q, Black to move and win.]

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4065.—By L. MELVILL GREEN. [4sS2; iP4Sr; B1p5; 3kbisR; 2p3Qr; PrP5; 8; 2k6; in three moves.]

Keymove: KtB5(Sg7—f5); threat Q×Pmate. If 1. — BB5ch; 2. Q×B; if 1. — B×P, 2. B×Pch; if 1. — KtK5, 2. QKt8ch; if 1. — KtQ3, 2. KtK3ch; if 1. — KB4, 2. KtQ7ch; and if 1. — PB4, 2. KtK7ch.

The keymove, being a strong threat of a short mate, is not very difficult to find, but the intricate variations need careful examination

to ensure accuracy. Our compatriot of the *Referee* Chess Club has given the *I.L.N.* a pleasant little task, and threatens us with a four-mover in the near future.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4064 received from G van Doren, C Foss, and E Miller (Marysville, Cal.), A Carington Smith (Quebec), and John Hannon (Newburgh, N.Y.); of No. 4065 from J M K Lupton (Richmond) and E Pinkney (Duffield); of No. 4066 from J M K Lupton (Richmond), H Richards (Hove), L W Caferata (Newark), P J Wood (Wakefield), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), and M Heath (London); and of No. 4067 from L W Caferata (Newark) and H Richards (Hove).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF GAME PROBLEM XXXIX from R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), C Van Doren, C Foss, and E Miller (Marysville, Cal.), J W Smedley (Brooklyn), and H Richards (Hove), and of GAME PROBLEM XL from J Barry Brown (Naas) and H Richards (Hove).

It has been decided to found a Children's Museum in London as a national and international centre, to educate and inspire the children of all races to a sense of kinship, with a view to a real unity of nations. The museum will contain dolls in national and period dress of all ages, toys, costumes, pictures, books, scientific and educational models. There will be lectures, a children's orchestra and chorus, and various appropriate entertainments. The museum will contain a children's theatre, dance and concert hall, a children's cinema, folk-lore and fairy-tale rooms, a children's reading-room, a refreshment-room, an exhibition room for children's paintings, handicrafts and art work, and a library. The idea originated with Miss Regina Miriam Bloch, the well-known writer, and the recreational features were suggested by Mrs. L. Haden Guest. Among the many distinguished supporters are Dr. Maria Montessori, the High Commissioners for Australia and South Africa, and the Italian and Japanese Ambassadors. An appeal is made for help in forming regional committees, and in collecting exhibits for the museum, such as dolls, toys, dresses, books, models, or dramatic, musical, and educational material. All communications should be addressed to the Honorary Temporary Secretary, Mrs. Charles E. Dawson, 8, Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate, London, W.2.

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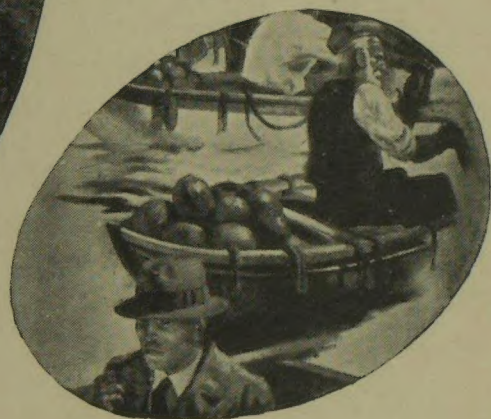
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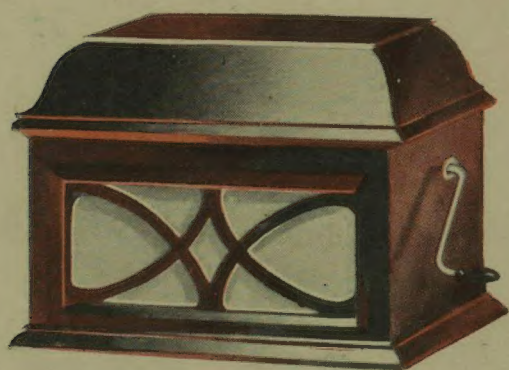
The Gramophone that satisfies great Musicians

CHALIAPINE was recently invited to hear some of his famous records played on one of the latest "His Master's Voice" models. "The Two Grenadiers" (Record No. DB933) was placed on the turn-table—he listened, immobile, until the click of the automatic stop, then with a gesture of the hand, he said: "It is magnificent. Whenever I listen to 'His Master's Voice,' each time I am amazed and delighted when I realise that it is possible to render so truthfully the music I love so well. Every note comes back in its true proportion. Only to 'His Master's Voice' would I entrust the reproduction of these performances."

Georgi Chaliapine



"Whenever I listen to 'His Master's Voice' I am amazed and delighted" says Chaliapine.



Model No. 104
*Mahogany £8.10
*Oak - - £7.10

There is a model to suit every taste in the "His Master's Voice" range of instruments. Here are two models eminently suitable for the small house or flat: the Table Grand, Model 104, with the Exponential Tone Chamber, and new self-releasing automatic brake, costs £7-10-0 (in Oak); the Bijou Cabinet, Model 145, with Exponential Tone Chamber, costs £15 (in Oak). Plenty of space is given in this model for record storage. Inspect these and other "His Master's Voice" gramophones at your nearest dealer's and you will realise how thoroughly satisfying they are, both in appearance and tone. Convenient Hire-Purchase Terms can be arranged.



"Bijou"
Cabinet No. 145
*Mahogany £17
*Oak - - £15

"His Master's Voice"

Hear Chaliapine singing



The Old Corporal. In Russian
(Dargomizsky) - Le Cor (The
Horn). In French (Flegier)
DB 1342, 8/6

Prince Igor, "How goes it, Prince?"
(Borodin) Sadko - Song of the Vik-
ing Guest (Rimsky-Korsakov). In
Russian. DB 1104, 8/6

*These Prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.

The Gramophone Co., Ltd., London, W. 1.